Next Month

CAN ANY DEMOCRAT WIN?
Paul Hutchinson

While most political prognosticators are weighing the chances of the various aspirants for the Democratic nomination, Paul Hutchinson is asking whether it is really important whom the Democrats nominate. In other words, can *any* Democrat be elected? His answer is based on a careful study of the qualifications of each of the leading Democratic contestants.

FACING DEATH BY RADIUM
Russell Porter

A star reporter is now at work investigating the cases of some thirty women who died of radium poisoning within the past two years. What was their attitude toward the slow, inevitable death that crept upon them? How did they live their last days? What was their philosophy? We expect to publish Mr. Porter's report in the June issue.

WE NATIONALLY RESOLVE—
William Hard

If party platforms were designed not to catch votes but to express convictions, not to dodge the important issues but to face them courageously — what would they be like? Compare this ideal platform set up by William Hard with the pronunciamentos given out by the leading parties in June.

CAN TRUST COMPANIES BE TRUSTED?
Fred C. Kelly

The trust companies have built up the impression that they are as safe as savings banks and as sacred as churches. Mr. Kelly shows that certain of them, supposedly beyond reproach, have been guilty of the rawest kind of bungling and self-dealing. He explains why it is necessary for the ordinary man to exercise great caution in choosing his trust company.

CHAUTAUQUAS
Marian Castle

Thousands of Americans will be attending Chautauqua lectures this summer. Are they just being roped into an intellectual circus, or will they get something out of it? Miss Castle knows; she was a booker on a Chautauqua circuit.

WHY CITIES GO BROKE
Lothrop Stoddard

The factors which enable Milwaukee and Cincinnati to produce favorable records in a year when other municipalities are in hot water.

FORUM and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Contents for MAY

Depression Brides. *A Foreword by the Editor*		257
Who Picks Presidential Candidates?	SIMEON STRUNSKY	259
A. B., Unemployed	GEORGE WILLISON CONDIT	265
We Need a Labor Party — Now!	PAUL HUTCHINSON	269
What America Listens to	DARWIN TEILHET	275
The Risks of Maternity	LOUIS I. DUBLIN	280
Growing Up in the South Seas	MARGARET MEAD	285
The Future of American Government	J. T. ADAMS, G. W. WICKERSHAM, ROLAND MORRIS	289
What Germany Really Wants	GEORGE N. SHUSTER	297
Spinster Factories	WILLIS J. BALLINGER	301
Going to the Fourth. *A Short Story*	DORA AYDELOTTE	306
John N. Garner. *Presidential Possibilities — IX*	CLINTON W. GILBERT	312
Revolt from Cynicism	DAWN LOVELACE	318
Toasts		IV
Books in Brief		V
Our Rostrum		XIII
Downtown. *What the Depression Has Taught Us*	DONALD REA HANSON	XXII

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TOASTS

SIMEON STRUNSKY, who is now on the editorial staff of *The New York Times*, and was chief editor of *The New York Evening Post* from 1920 to 1924, has had, in a quarter of a century of newspaper work, considerable experience of national party conventions. His most recent book is *The Rediscovery of Jones*, in which, as he points out, the method is the one he employs in his FORUM article — the testing of a popular legend by the facts on record, or by the knowledge of our everyday experience when we are not engaged in maintaining a thesis.

GEORGE WILLISON CONDIT was born in Florence, Colorado in 1905. After his graduation from a Denver high school he went for two years to Bowling Green College, but was obliged to interrupt his education for lack of funds. He got a job in the research laboratory of the Willys Overland Company, saved money towards his degree, and in 1929 was able to enroll at Ohio State University in the College of Journalism, later transferring from journalism to marketing. After his graduation last August he tried everywhere to find work, with the bitter results that his FORUM article chronicles.

PAUL HUTCHINSON, managing editor of *The Christian Century*, has spent a number of years in China and is shortly to publish a new book on Eastern affairs called *Storm Over Asia*. By the nature of his profession he has for some time been a close observer of political and social trends in this country, and has also had glimpses of the revolutions in Mexico, Russia, and Germany.

DARWIN L. TEILHET is an executive in the San Francisco office of a nationally known advertising agency. In the course of his work he has had considerable radio experience, and has written and produced programs for various of the agency's clients. A number of Mr. Teilhet's articles have appeared in *The Outlook*, and in business magazines.

LOUIS I. DUBLIN is the statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and president of the American Public Health Association. He has written many books, monographs, and addresses on the subject of vital statistics and public health.

MARGARET MEAD is the author of *Coming of Age in Samoa*, *Growing Up In New Guinea*, and other more technical studies in anthropology. She graduated from Barnard College and is assistant curator of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History. Her husband, also an anthropologist, is Dr. Reo Fortune.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS has recently had the pleasure of seeing *The Epic of America* follow *The Adams Family* on the best seller lists. ELMER DAVIS, journalist, novelist, and short story writer, is the author of *White Pants Willie*, which appeared this winter. FRANK R. KENT, one of America's foremost political observers and the author of numerous important books on politics, is prominently associated with *The Baltimore Sun*. ROLAND S. MORRIS, who was Ambassador to Japan during Wilson's administration, is one of Philadelphia's most distinguished lawyers, and since 1924 has been Professor of International Law at the University of Pennsylvania. A leading Democrat, he has long taken an active interest in the party's policies. GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, chairman of the Wickersham Commission and President of the American Law Institute, has held, and holds, many posts of national and international distinction.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER, managing editor of *The Commonweal*, has recently published *The Germans*, the fruit of an intensive study of modern conditions in Germany. He is also the author of several books on contemporary Catholic culture.

WILLIS J. BALLINGER, who is now in the economics department at Williams, has taught in two women's colleges. Since writing his present article, he says that he has made his last will and testament, purchased a set of flowing whiskers, and, for further purposes of disguise, practiced walking like the hunchback of Notre Dame. In addition to his professorial experience, Mr. Ballinger has worked on five different newspapers.

DORA AYDELOTTE, who now lives in Chicago, was brought up in the cornbelt town of Moweaqua, Illinois. Her first published effort, she says, was a temperance essay setting forth her twelve-year-old views on the subject. After a long period in a business job, she is now giving most of her time to fiction.

CLINTON W. GILBERT says that, as a Washington Correspondent, he has spent many years trying to find out why of all possible candidates for the presidency the man with the least vigor of mind and strength of character is likely to be nominated and elected. Mr. Gilbert writes for the Curtis-Martin papers of New York and Philadelphia, and was largely responsible for *The Mirrors of Washington*.

DAWN LOVELACE, who now lives in Portland, Oregon, is a native of the Pacific Northwest and was fostered, for a number of years, by an orphanage. Although only twenty-five, she has done newspaper and publicity work, published some poetry, been active in local politics, and is planning to enter law school with her husband next fall. They plan to establish a joint practice of criminal law.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION; Vol. I: The Overthrow of Tzarism, by Leon Trotsky, translated by Max Eastman; Simon & Schuster, $4.00.

CONSIDERING the challenge which Soviet Russia offers in the present crisis of world history; considering the major rôle which Trotsky played in the creation of the Soviet régime, the importance of this book is self-evident. Moreover, Trotsky is not merely one of the great figures of the century. He is also a brilliant writer and propagandist, a master of ironic invective, a persuasive theorist, a passionately biased historian who frankly, and quite naturally, writes from the Marxist viewpoint and who manages to make thrilling drama out of his analysis of the social forces which shaped the revolution. As a good Marxist it is these forces, rather than individual personalities, which he stresses. This does not prevent him, however, from drawing some very stinging portraits of the Czar and the Czarina, of the Kerenskys and Miliukovs, who attempted to reap the fruits of the February revolution and who muffed the job, of his brother Bolsheviks, Stalin and Kamenev, who were so incautious as to waver, however briefly, from Lenin's rigid principles. Such hostile pen sketches help to give his book the color and vivacity which it so undeniably possesses. Essentially, nevertheless, it is a conscientious study of the crucial months between the first democratic revolution of February 1917 and the troubled July days which led directly to the second, genuinely Bolshevist revolution in October. Trotsky has no mercy for the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionaries who aligned themselves with the bourgeoisie and attempted to conduct the revolution along democratic rather than Bolshevist lines. He exposes their weakness, their treachery, the bankruptcy of their liberalism, and shows how the logic of events pointed inevitably to the triumph of Lenin. With this triumph his second volume will deal. It is unnecessary to point out that a capitalist America will hardly agree with Trotsky's interpretations and conclusions. This should not prevent anyone, however, from admiring his consummate skill as a narrator of historic events.

BRAVE NEW WORLD, by Aldous Huxley; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

WHAT MIGHT be the order of things if scientists should discover the secret of life? Aldous Huxley pictures a super-scientific civilization in which human beings are the standardized product of biological laboratories. All is happiness in this Utopia; psychology, developed far beyond the wildest dreams of Freud and

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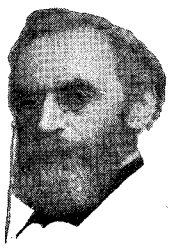

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Books in Brief

applied constantly to these synthetic humans during the impressionable age, has successfully eradicated all emotion, the basis of all unhappiness. Bernard Marx, a brilliant young psychologist connected with the Central London Hatchery and Conditioning Centre, doubts, however, that this civilization, which has outgrown love, marriage, monogamy, and motherhood, is as perfect as its Controllers would lead people to believe. His discovery of love, his investigation of life among the survivors of the old — our present — civilization, and what happens when he brings back one of these primitive people to Mr. Huxley's Utopia are recounted in a fantastic, racy narrative, full of much excellent satire and literary horseplay. *Brave New World* would make an astounding motion picture with settings by Hugh Ferriss and possibly *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life* for its theme song.

WHO ARE THESE FRENCH?, by Friedrich Sieburg; Macmillan, $2.50.

BECAUSE OF some extraordinary quality of sympathy and sensitiveness, Friedrich Sieburg, who for some time was Paris correspondent of a German newspaper, has learned to know the French better, almost, than they know themselves. In judging them, he is lamentably torn between mind and heart. As a trained modern intelligence and a believer in international coöperation, Herr Sieburg is appalled by the backwardness, the inefficiency, the smugness, the narrow self-sufficiency of the French. He knows as well as the next person that France is an obstacle to the progress of Europe. And yet — in the same breath that he chastises — he admits that he would not have France change by so much as one slovenly concierge, that he could not face a world in which there was no longer a tradition of gracious, irrational leisureliness, that France is the last refuge of the independent human spirit, that "he will not venture to decide which is better — a perfect system of social services or an inexhaustible supply of bread and wine." On the serious side, Herr Sieburg has made a complete and searching analysis of France's psychology, of her claim to be the guardian of civilization, of her passion to defend, against all-comers, her cultural tradition and leadership. Far better than most politico-economic writers he clarifies the real causes of the tension between France and Germany. It is likely, however, that most readers will cherish his book for its enchanting, its devoted delineation of French life and ways. In learning to understand France, Herr Sieburg has also learned to write with a wit, grace, and sparkle which one thinks of as typically French.

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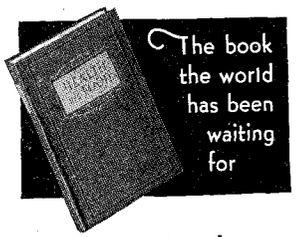

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Books in Brief

THE SQUARE ROOT OF VALENTINE, by Berry Fleming; Norton, $2.50.

SINCE ITS charm and wit are elusive, following no prescribed pattern, it is difficult to say anything relevant about this wholly enchanting novel. Literal-minded people won't like it, but fortunately others will. Briefly, it is the story of a young bond salesman who ventures forth into the streets of New York one early June dawn and forthwith finds himself in a new fantastic world peopled by a beautiful girl with shellacked legs, a sculptor who makes people but cannot infect them with the proper biological urge, a man with a Mechanical Listener, and similar oddities. In the course of the day's adventures, the tug of conflicting desires is too much for Valentine. His personality splits in two, and the more prosaic part of him only is left behind, to become the successful young businessman his periodic spells of divine craziness would never before let him be. So much for the crude outline. One has to read the book if one is to get any notion of its unique, delectable flavor.

A HISTORY OF SWEDEN, by Andrew A. Stomberg; Macmillan, $8.50.

THE SWEDES are the world's intelligent realists. They do not go in for illiteracy, insanity, or kidnapping. They do go in for art, science, and athletics — for everybody — and apply common sense even to prohibition, business, and politics. The only adequate history in the English language of this people and of the Swedish nation has at last been supplied by Professor Stomberg of the University of Minnesota, who for many years has been constructing a well-balanced, easily read narrative of eight hundred pages from the ponderous but accurate archives of that country. We can now read how, as the ice of the last glaciation began to recede, about 10,000 B.C., the Swedes occupied their peninsula and, year by year, developed their own satisfactory civilization, until today Sweden appears more likely to start the world moving out of the depression than America.

BOOMERANG, by Helen Simpson; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

RANGING IN time from 1789 to the World War, in space from France *via* England and a mythical South Sea island to Australia, and in mood from swashbuckling romance to realistic tragedy, Helen Simpson has written a novel which, though undoubtedly marred by a total disregard for any unity except that provided by the first-person narrator, is always compelling and in not a few passages brilliant. The story itself, or stories,

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Books in Brief

is impossible to summarize: it is enough to say that it deals chiefly with Clotilde Boissy, who tells it, and with the glamorous careers of her father, her grandfather, and her great-grandfather. These four human strands are woven by Miss Simpson's admirable prose into a far-flung tapestry whose chief design is the family trait of gallantry. The book is a long one, and certain portions are anti-climactic, but by virtue of its many-faceted plot — as well as the style and the author's evident familiarity with her material — it is a novel which once read may be recommended with the assurance that it contains food for a score of varying appetites and poison for none.

STALIN: The Career of a Fanatic, by Essad-Bey; Viking, $3.50.

SCRUPULOUS folk, who want only reliable facts about the Iron Man of Russia, would probably do well to confine themselves to the earlier biography of Stalin by Isaac Don Levine. They will not, however, have nearly so much fun as the readers of this glowing, and far-better written, book by the somewhat imaginative author of *Twelve Secrets of the Caucasus*. Essad-Bey is a born romanticist and spinner of yarns. It is characteristic of him that he spends whole chapters on Stalin's exploits as a super-bandit in Caucasian Georgia, and then admits unblushingly — in a footnote — that there is no documentary evidence for his tales. It is characteristic that there is little mention of Marxian theory in his book, but plenty of space devoted to the more dramatic details of the quarrel between Stalin and Trotsky. It is most characteristic of all that his real thesis is the Asiatic qualities of Bolshevism and of Stalin, that he sees the latter as "a symbol of the greatness, the cruelty, and the power of Asia, who is threatening to hurl herself at the throat of Europe." This is not to imply that Essad-Bey does not stick to the main facts of Stalin's life, and of his sensational rise to supreme power. He does. One should, however, check his highly-colored, and very readable biography against the sober records of actual history.

THE BRONTËS WENT TO WOOLWORTH'S, by Rachel Ferguson; Dutton, $2.50.

THIS intermittently amusing novel should be classified under whimsey, and all its tart, sophisticated dialogue and its British-intellectual mannerisms cannot conceal that ugly fact. The Cairnes (a widow and her three daughters) live a rather sheltered life, but to make up for it they invent a joke; the joke consists of giving play to their imaginations — pretending that dolls and dogs and people

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Books in Brief

whose pictures they have seen in the papers are their intimate friends. Eventually the game gets out of their control and they find themselves its slaves instead of its masters. The writing is fresh and often funny, but the plot proves somewhat of a handicap, especially toward the end when the ghosts of the Brontës are introduced. The book is worth-while, however, if only for its unexpected turns of humor; the story itself might well be calmly ignored.

ARABIA FELIX, by Bertram Thomas; Scribner, $5.00.

HERE IS probably the most exhaustive and accurate report of exploration that has ever been written for the laymen's interest. Writing in a lucid, dispassionate style, Thomas recounts not only the adventures of crossing a hitherto unexplored section of Arabia, but also catalogs a tremendous amount of scientific data about the human, animal and vegetable life of the country. His observations are amazing in their detail and scope. Anthropologists, geographers, and sociologists will undoubtedly find much in this book that can be added to their respective branches of science. However, the prospective reader should not be intimidated by this, for the story is alive with thrills and adventure that rival the more publicized dangers of war and crime. Thomas was in hourly peril of raids by lawless bands of Arabs, and much of his scientific data and specimens had to be collected secretly in order to avoid antagonizing countless native tabus and superstitions. Add to this the natural dangers of desert exploration and you have an adventure tale of the first class.

TOBACCO ROAD, by Erskine Caldwell; Scribner, $2.50.

IF THIS novel was not intended as satire, and apparently it was not, then it deserves at least some recognition as the reduction-to-absurdity of that school of horror fiction whose most expert practicer is William Faulkner. The infamous Jukes were intelligent patricians compared to the Lesters, a family of moronic, amoral Georgia crackers to whom Mr. Caldwell devotes some three hundred bloody, lust-laden pages. These poor-white Borgias commit every crime on the calendar of sin, and Mr. Caldwell recites the orgiastic litany calmly and with a serene detachment. Such detachment is not likely to be shared by most readers, who, if they take the book seriously, will probably finish it — if they do finish it — with disgust and a slight retching; but anyone who considers it as subtle burlesque is going to have a fine time. The jacket blurb, by the way, strikes a new high in fatuous pomposity.

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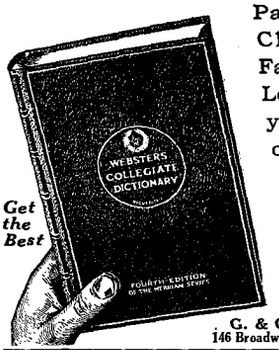

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Books in Brief

PATHWAYS BACK TO PROSPERITY, by Charles Whiting Baker; Funk & Wagnalls, $2.50.

IN THIS book an engineer-economist analyzes the important contributory causes of the Great Depression, and discusses some of the means proposed for ending it. The author is a thoroughly modern economist; his viewpoint is factual, and many of his conclusions are original. He offers no panaceas for quick recovery. As an engineer he believes that technological unemployment has created a permanent problem. By avoiding technical terms Mr. Baker succeeds in conveying to his readers a coherent understanding of the fundamental economic forces which underlie the situation. This is an absorbing and useful book, which deserves a much wider audience than it is apt to get.

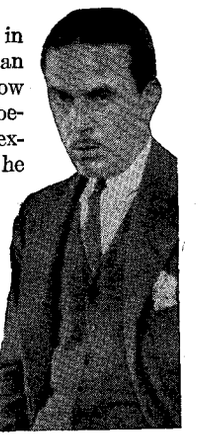
BRICKS AND MORTAR, by Helen Ashton; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

THOSE WHO like novels to have an abstract theme, or a problem, had better be forewarned about this new book by Helen Ashton. It has no particular significance. It is merely the story of one man's life, told with graciousness, humor, and a kind of mellow understanding. Martin Lovell was an architect, and all his life bricks and mortar meant more to him than human relations. As a young student in Rome he met and married pretty, foolish Letty who hadn't a brain in her head, but who, surprisingly enough, made him a very satisfactory wife. The mental companionship which she couldn't give him and which — to the probable horror of young moderns — he didn't very much miss, was supplied by his daughter, Stacy, a vivid, restless, intelligent girl who, after a series of unhappy love affairs, settled down to marriage and her father's profession. That is about all. The secret of the story's charm lies entirely in the way it is told. It is not a memorable novel, but it is a delightful and well written one.

DEAR ROBERT EMMET, by R. W. Postgate; Vanguard, $3.50.

BECAUSE it has form and style, and is the product of conscious artistry, one is likely to overlook the scrupulous scholarship that has gone into the writing of this biography of the young Irish leader who died on the gallows at twenty-five. Mr. Postgate builds up painstakingly and vividly his picture of Ireland in the late eighteenth century, the Ireland whose cruelties and injustices and abortive attempts at revolt finally produced the idealistic, stern-purposed young patriot who so valiantly pitted his tiny strength against the forces of oppression. This is a finely written and heartbreaking biography.

Are You Afraid to Face the Truth About Yourself?



THERE are occasions in the life of every man when he realizes how miserably he has fallen below what others have expected of him and what he had dreamed for himself. The "big" man faces the truth, and does something about it. The "little" man finds an excuse for his failure and does nothing. What are **your** answers when you ask yourself questions like these:

Am I not drifting along aimlessly?
What, after all, is my purpose in life?
Am I trusting too much to chance to bring me success?
What is my greatest weak point?
Is it lack of will, poor memory, mental laziness, mind-wandering, or what?
Am I "licked" by life, am I a "quitter"?
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Drawing by Donald McKay

THE SMOKE-FILLED ROOM

"It is a tradition . . . that candidates for President of the United States are designated by a little group of hard-faced men with cigars, doing business in the privacy of a hotel suite. . . ." —Simeon Strunsky (*See page 259*)

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FORUM

MAY, 1932 VOL. 87, NO. 5

Depression Brides

A Foreword by the Editor

JUNE, the marriage month, is again approaching. But in the spring of 1932 young men's fancies will turn not quite so lightly to thoughts of love. Even the impetus which a Leap Year should give to the marriage rate is likely to be more than offset by the depression. According to the Bureau of the Census, marriages fell from 1,232,559 in 1929 to 1,128,280 in 1930 — a drop of 8.5 per cent. During 1931, in New York City alone ten thousand licenses were issued that were not used to complete the marriage ceremony. It is reasonable to suppose that nearly that number of engaged couples decided to wait for better times. Whatever the cause, it is evident that quiet but resolute depression brides are not so numerous as were their care-free sisters of 1929, gay in the swirling confetti of paper profits.

Many 1932 lovers will be tempted to submit to the psychology of caution and hoard their licences and wait for that elusive prosperity just around the corner. They should at least consider the advantages of hard times before coming to a decision. The valley of a depression is a much safer place from which to begin the journey of matrimony than are the dizzy heights of prosperity. The adventure of frugality has its own joys and compensations, even when it means one room the first year, one egg for breakfast, last year's clothes, and one baby in three years. There is a satisfaction in knowing the worst at the start, in stepping right out on rock bottom, and an exhilaration in climbing up together which insures a binding and buoyant sense of comradeship that is denied many young people who have been mated on the heights.

Let us check up on a few cases that have come to our attention rather intimately. Here is a pair under thirty who married "on the way down" in 1930. Both had jobs. When the baby approached the wife gave up her job and the husband faced a ten per cent salary cut. However, all three are reported healthy and happy and going strong. Only two-thirds of the husband's salary is available for living expenses, as they carry substantial insurance and contribute liberally to the support of less able-bodied relatives. All this requires not only frugal budgeting but some joint ingenuity. The shrewd trick they have turned which makes their set-up possible is in reducing the item of rent. By scouting in the suburbs, they found rooms in a gardener's cottage where the baby has a park in which to play, and the husband commutes daily to his place of business by automobile.

It appears that some years of the depression are more advantageous for matrimony than others. Apparently the sooner you get aboard

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the better. June 1930 offered a better break in family economy than June 1931. June 1932 may offer economic advantages over June 1933. This education may be illustrated by the following examples.

The first is a couple who took advantage of the depression by marrying in June 1930. The husband was working for a firm of good standing which he had every reason to believe would deal fairly with him. His salary was not large — not large enough to support a wife, counting in the usual risks — but he knew he could depend on it. Because of reduced rents and other costs, and because his confidence in his firm made it possible for him to eliminate the necessity of piling up a reserve fund against possible unemployment and other such calamities, he was able, by close figuring, to make it suffice. Having got by the initial cost of marriage, they at once altered their budget to provide for a depression baby. Before going in for offspring, they investigated hospital charges, signed up in advance at an agreed rate, and got a good obstetrician to give them an estimate on the child, F.O.B., all accessories included. The husband was able to adjust his income and expenditures without a hitch. The baby was born in February, 1932 — quite normal, in spite of the fact that to a large extent it owed its existence to the depression.

The other example is that of a couple who married in June 1931. They hoped to follow in detail the plan which the previous couple used so successfully, since their income was about the same and they knew the plan had worked out for their friends. At first they found the depression a great help, as the other couple had. But before long they discovered that they had married in a year in which the decline in costs of living was exceeded by cuts in salaries and wages. On January 1, 1932 the husband's salary was slashed ten per cent. When it became necessary to revise their budget they were faced with the fact that about forty percent of the expenditures in which they were involved were fixed and inevitable and could not be reduced proportionately. Their lease prevented cutting down on rent for some time to come. Life insurance premiums could not be reduced. It was too late to eliminate the doctor's and hospital charges which they had allowed for. In effect, this meant that a reduction of ten per cent had to come out of the remaining sixty percent of their income whose expenditure was not fixed by legal or other obligation, which naturally made it felt more sharply than if it had been possible to scatter the reduction over all expenses. It meant that because some of their expenses could not be cut, the rest had to be brought down twenty per cent. To those who married on a close margin, wage cuts present a difficult problem and one that would not encourage early marriage if they could be foreseen.

For jobless couples the problem of marriage in June 1932 is far more difficult than it was for the three cases just recorded. (We must, of course, except the favored few who are endowed with their parents' worldly goods.) Some of these young people engaged with no job in sight will probably marry in sheer desperation and defiance of the depression, choosing to starve together rather than starve apart. We can admire their courage but we cannot applaud their recklessness. If the joys of the honeymoon are to outlast the year there must be an income sufficient to maintain health and spirits and at least a reasonable expectation of keeping a job. Beyond that expectation no engaged couple should hesitate, for jobs that are guaranteed beyond reasonable expectation are few and far between in our miss-or-hit-and-run American society. The battle is still to the strong and the race to the swift.

It is true not only of this depression but of the machine age in general that the problem of delayed marriage through economic necessity has become one of the most disturbing handicaps of society. Perhaps the babies born this year will live to cast their first presidential ballots in a better America in which a job sufficient to support self and a minimum family will be taken for granted as one of the rights of every willing and able-bodied citizen.

But we must face the less certain facts of to-day. Marriage in America is still a high adventure, almost as hazardous and insecure as piracy in the days of Captain Kidd. All we can say to prospective brides and grooms is that the hard floor of the depression is a good place from which to take off. If you can find a job and know enough arithmetic to scrawl a budget, don't wait — marry this June, even though you can expect no further encouragement than our cheers and extra dividends of confetti.

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Who Picks Presidential Candidates?

by **SIMEON STRUNSKY**

Among the popular legends dealing with American political behavior is the one about the Presidential nominee and the smoke-filled room. It is a tradition which asserts that candidates for President of the United States are designated by a little group of hard-faced men with cigars, doing business in the privacy of a hotel suite while tumultuous but utterly meaningless scenes are being enacted by a thousand delegates in a convention hall. This is not a popular legend in the sense that it is accepted by a majority of the American people, or even by many millions of Americans. It is popular chiefly with the professional observers who specialize in the peculiarities of the American people. The vogue of the hand-picked Presidential nominee has been naturally greatest among those who most firmly believe that all American life is hand-picked. Emotions, from patriotism to Babe Ruth; creeds, from democracy to home-ownership on the installment plan; habits, from orange juice for breakfast to going to college — all these do not arise spontaneously in the men and women who experience them or practice them, but are selected for them and imposed on them from above.

The kernel of fact about which the legend of the smoke-filled room grew up was, of course, the nomination of Warren G. Harding at Chicago in 1920; a choice which, we may concede at once, was made by a group of Republican leaders in Colonel Harvey's sitting room at the Blackstone Hotel. But it is also beyond question that the manner of Mr. Harding's selection would not have been magnified into a supposedly universal practice and a doctrine if the event had not fallen in with the prevailing intellectual mood of the time. In 1920 we were just entering on a decade of disillusion, and among the superstitions which first went overboard were those underlying the democratic idea. It was firmly denied that the masses of plain men have sufficient intelligence to frame an ideal, or sufficient courage to pursue it, or sufficient ability in any other way to shape their own aims and guide their own lives. The handful of bosses who made Presidents thus fitted perfectly into a frame of things where propagandists determined what the people should think, and high-pressure salesmen decided what the people should buy, and Wall Street decreed whether people should prosper or fail.

Finally it is obvious that the theory of the handmade nominee must have gained by the piquant contrast it provided to the outward show of the nominating process. A national convention is the utmost in spectacle and drama that our American civilization has to offer. Not even the deciding game in a World Series can approach the volume or sweep of excitement which a national convention evokes. Tumult, color, movement; tragic suspense and comic abandon; the banners, the bunting, the brass bands, the standards of the states; the battle cries, the war songs, the cheers, the "demonstrations," the tidal waves of oratory dedicated to God and Country and Humanity; the regional and local loyalties; the battle of the votes, the maneuvers between ballots, the saturnalia in the galleries, the ambitions realized or crushed, the hates and grudges liquidated, the splendid prize fought for, and, above all, the stirring, breath-compelling uncertainty of the outcome — what a temptation it is suddenly to raise the backdrop behind this spectacle of tempest and war and to reveal half a dozen heavy-jowled politicians with big cigars in their mouths deciding who shall be the "choice" of the convention!

Let it be said at once that this transforma-

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tion scene was far from being made out of the whole cloth. For the disillusioning picture there is plenty of authentic material available on the floor of the convention. So much that goes on there is so undeniably sham and stage-play and horseplay. The cheering is pumped up. The parades around the convention hall are carried out to the last bitter second of a prearranged time-table by elderly flat-footed delegates perspiring behind their standards and their brass bands. What counts most of all, of course, is that the nominations are not made by individual delegates riding the crest of their own enthusiasm. The delegates take their orders from the leaders, when to stand fast, and when to waver, and when to swing over to whom for tactical purposes, and when to make the final break to the choice decided upon from the first. Undeniably, there are few aspects of American life for which the theory of manipulation as outlined above would seemingly have greater validity than for the way in which the major political parties select their Presidential candidates.

But even here the seeming reality of things is far from being the real thing. The hand of the boss engineer or the boss stage director is visible in the spectacle of a national convention, but the final decision at the convention, in the truest sense, is not the work of politician engineers. If we brush aside the details of convention procedure and ask what are the real deciding forces behind the nomination of Presidential candidates we face the amusing but also saddening fact that the legend of the red-necked politicians in a smoke-filled room should have attached itself to a process so self-determining, so uncertain, so free from interference by organized little groups, so unpredictable. Looking back over fifty years of Presidential history, we find that for every candidate who has been nominated by an Old Guard of leaders pursuing their own ends, surely four candidates in five, and probably nine candidates in ten, have been nominated by the most unmanipulated forces imaginable: by manifest destiny, by the logic of events, by accident, by unwritten laws — like that which prescribes the renomination of the President in office. Men have been nominated as the victorious issue of ferocious combat, or in a spirit of indifference by exhausted belligerents, or by stampede, or by jealousies and grudges — by anything except a little group of leaders in a position to choose entirely for their own interests, free to pick out any Wilkins, Jones, or Thompson to put into the White House.

Destiny — the Boss of Politics

Between 1884 and 1928 there have been twelve Presidential elections and as many nominations, obviously, by the two major parties. Our starting point is the year in which the Democrats named Grover Cleveland for the first time and the Republicans at last gave James G. Blaine the nomination he had so long been trying for. On the Democratic side the roll call of nominees need not long detain us. Of twelve candidates in forty-eight years, how many are there whom we can at once dismiss as not being the product of a group of bosses doing business together? Not less than nine out of the twelve. The three nominations accorded to Grover Cleveland, the three nominations taken for himself by William J. Bryan, the two Bryan-made nominations of Woodrow Wilson — the original Wilson nomination in 1912 and the renomination in 1916 which followed automatically — and the nomination of Alfred E. Smith in 1928 may all be credited to destiny. But in any case there is no question here of hugger-mugger business in a smoke-filled room.

To read again the story of that Baltimore convention of 1912 as Ray Stannard Baker has told it afresh in the new volumes on Woodrow Wilson, is to wonder again over our human susceptibility to catchwords and our equally human ability to forget. It is nothing short of amazing that the legend of politicians in hotel rooms picking Presidential candidates should have established itself with so many educated people only eight years after a national convention which alone ought to make any theory of manipulation impossible.

Whether it was Bryan's purpose at Baltimore in 1912 to destroy Champ Clark in order to get the nomination for himself does not concern us here. But the battle he unloosed was Homeric. Mr. Baker makes no effort at color writing, yet it is hard to think of any book of recent times so full of excitement as the pages dealing with the single combats between Bryan and Tammany Hall, the fall of Champ Clark from what seemed certain victory, the rise of Woodrow Wilson out of what seemed

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certain defeat. The swing of New York's ninety votes to Clark, giving him a majority; McCombs ready to throw up the sponge for Woodrow Wilson; McAdoo winning from Wilson an order countermanding his permission to release his delegates — "Looking back," says Mr. Baker, "one is impressed by the hair-trigger chances of that unprecedented convention. A single misstep and Wilson would have lost."

Only three Democratic nominations, therefore, would possibly meet the requirements of the legend of the smoke-filled room: Alton B. Parker in 1904, James M. Cox in 1920, John W. Davis in 1924. Of these, Mr. Parker was nominated on the first ballot. It only meant that Bryan, after two unsuccessful tries for the Presidency in which he attributed his failure to treason by the conservative Democrats, conceded to his opponents the privilege of naming a victim for slaughter by Bryan's followers. The same sacrificial rôle, under not such very different circumstances, was assigned to Mr. Davis after McAdoo and Smith had clawed each other into snarling defeat and their party into disruption. In all the twelve Democratic nominations there is really but one, that of Cox in 1920, which might conceivably be regarded as following upon a bargain among the leaders.

Yet here, too, a stout fight had preceded the nomination, and Cox was after all three times Governor of Ohio. We might as well put it on the record here, that when fate created Ohio, and placed her close to the center of population in the United States, and endowed her with a fairly equal number of Republican and Democratic voters, it did more to decide the nominating habits of our national conventions than all the manipulatory bosses in our history. Out of twelve Republican nominations between 1884 and 1928 no less than seven have gone to "doubtful" Indiana-Ohio.

Yes, let us speak of Republicans. After all what do Democratic nominations matter, as a rule? In Democratic national conventions we look for riot rather than manipulation. It is their nature to be so. And why should Democratic bosses as a rule deny their individual delegates the empty privilege of independence? It is only a case of nominating somebody to be defeated. Republican candidates usually are elected. Democratic candidates are usually brought back on their shields. When a Republican convention finds itself in a deadlock it proceeds to compromise on a winner. A Democratic deadlock leads to the designation of somebody who shall receive two million fewer votes than the normal Democratic poll.

Looking, then, at the twelve Republican nominees since 1884 we find that no less than eight of them were chosen on the first ballot: Harrison in 1892, McKinley twice, Roosevelt, Taft twice, Coolidge, Hoover. And a nomination on the first ballot excludes the idea of manipulation by a group of leaders doing business behind the scenes; though it is compatible with a single outstanding leader imposing his will on a national convention. The first nomination of William H. Taft was dictated by Theodore Roosevelt even as the last two nominations of William J. Bryan were dictated by himself. At other times it is the logic of events that prescribes a nomination on the first ballot, as in the case of both nominees in 1928.

Out of twelve Republican candidates between 1884 and 1928 there would thus be only four who conceivably lend themselves to the requirements of the smoke-filled room. Of these again we need not be long detained by two, Mr. Hughes in 1916, and Blaine at the very beginning in 1884. Mr. Hughes was named on the third ballot, but there was never any real doubt as to his preëminent "availability" for the task of ousting Woodrow Wilson. In 1884 Blaine did not get his nomination by bargaining but conquered it by the strength of his good right arm, to the point of taking the nomination away from the President in office, Arthur, a thing that has never happened again. There remain only two Republican candidates out of twelve to whom the hand-picked hypothesis will apply. Benjamin Harrison was named on the eighth ballot in 1888, a year which most of us have forgotten. Warren G. Harding was nominated in 1920 on the tenth ballot. This came after four days of deadlock in the convention and as a result of the celebrated conclave in the Blackstone Hotel.

As I said at the beginning, it was the disillusioned critics of the American scene who seized upon the Harding nomination as typifying the general practice. The non-militant, humdrum political reporters and the professors of political science in the colleges with no

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theoretical ax to grind were not so sure that manipulation had made Mr. Harding. Ten years ago Arthur W. Dunn, in his recollections of an old newspaperman, *From Harrison to Harding*, wrote: "Back in 1888 a candidate was nominated by a combination of leading politicians. Since that time, to my recollection, no candidate has ever been named by any coterie of politicians, by any Old Guard." Mr. Dunn's assertion that there was no mystery about the nomination of Mr. Harding has been quoted with approval in solid textbooks on politics. Only a little while ago Mr. Clinton W. Gilbert observed that there was nothing remarkable in the fact that Mr. Harding should have been nominated as the result of a meeting of leaders in a hotel room; the remarkable thing would have been if the meeting had not been held.

The facts — and the common sense — of the Harding nomination were summed up sometime last year before a Senate committee by Joseph R. Grundy of Pennsylvania, who was one of the men in the smoke-filled room. He told how Senator Lodge, chairman of the deadlocked convention, summoned the meeting of Republican leaders; informed them that the leading candidates, ex-Governor Lowden and Leonard Wood, had killed each other off; declared that the delegates were worn out and "broke"; stated that the Democrats were almost sure to nominate ex-Governor Cox of Ohio; and concluded that the way out for the Republicans was also a man from Ohio with no major enemies and lots of good friends. Inevitably this meant Senator Harding. If a good many black cigars were consumed in Colonel Harvey's hotel sitting room, and a good many long-distance telephone calls were made before Senator Lodge's advice was adopted, it was in the nature of things. A just opinion of their own prestige regularly impels public men to consume as much time as they can in bowing to the inevitable.

Grooming a Boom

It is not at all surprising that the legend of hand-picked Presidential candidates should find at least tacit support among the leaders accused of doing the hand-picking. Why shouldn't they be pleased? The legend helps them in their business. It is no crime at all to charge a politician with having power and exercising it. To be accused of being a devil among the candidates must be like being accused of being a devil with the ladies; it is a compliment. It is a rule which extends beyond our manipulated politics. It applies to the entire theory of Life as Manipulation which I have mentioned; among the people who most heartily subscribe to it are the alleged manipulators. When you charge that the American people know only what the newspapers wish to let them know, you do not evoke bitter resentment among us in the newspaper business. When you say that people buy only the things that high-pressure salesmen compel them to buy, you are not making enemies among the salesmen. When you say that people believe only what the propagandists teach them to believe, you are not antagonizing the publicity specialists.

Try to think of a fairly unimportant politician arriving at a national convention in the capacity of nursemaid to a very minor Presidential boom. It is one of those Favorite Son booms which are nothing more than prescribed gestures in our American etiquette of local and regional "loyalty." It is not even a boom designed for trading purposes. Then imagine one of those accidents in the history of nominating conventions where the lightning strikes in unexpected places; our nominal Favorite Son finds himself translated into a Dark Horse and a child of destiny. Do you imagine that the dumbfounded manager of the lucky candidate will ever consent to call it luck?

Or say that a conference of leaders, facing a deadlocked convention, meets in a hotel room to pick from a long list of possibilities the man against whom least can be said. Do you imagine that this is the way the successful candidate's manager will explain it? In his version it will be demonstrated that from the very beginning of time the manager had been directing the course of destiny toward the final crowning event. Nothing happened that he did not foresee and for which he was not prepared. Not for a minute did he lose heart, though strong men wavered and keen intelligences erred. There he stood, serene above the wrack and tumult, until the right moment was at hand and he remarked quietly to his cohorts, "Up, Guards, and at them!" A politician will forgive you for attributing to him the

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most sinister motives in picking a Presidential candidate provided you make it plain that he is as omniscient and invincible as he is wicked.

In the history of the Presidency, therefore, and certainly in the experience of the last fifty years, it is not at all the rule that nominees are picked by politicians but almost the other way about. Politicians attach themselves to potential nominees. They attach themselves to a promising career, to a good prospect, to a winning cause. Politicians in a democracy, like courtiers in a monarchy, salute the rising sun, except that in the democratic firmament there are at any time several promising luminaries and the guessing is harder. In the course of the last forty years the nearest approach to a kingmaker in disposing of the Presidency is, of course, the case of Mark Hanna and William McKinley in 1896. Mark Hanna made McKinley his choice several years before the convention, and he set on foot a campaign of such scope and momentum that his man was nominated on the first ballot by a vote of more than two-thirds of the delegates against a rival of such stature as Speaker Reed.

But even here there is very little warrant for the legend that Mark Hanna "made" McKinley in the sense that he could have made anyone else if he had been so inclined. Hanna did not reach out into the void and pick at random or at will. When Hanna made his choice McKinley was one of the outstanding figures in the Republican Party. He was big enough to receive in the Republican convention of 1892 close to two hundred votes, exactly the same number as Blaine, against Benjamin Harrison, the successful candidate for a renomination. The movement of events since 1892 had made McKinley, the author of a tariff bill that swung from immense unpopularity to immense popularity, the logical candidate; even if we allow that Mark Hanna had a hand in advertising McKinley the Advance Agent of Prosperity. If not McKinley, then it must have been Reed, and Speaker Reed's latest biographer takes it for granted that Reed had made himself impossible while McKinley was becoming inevitable. Mark Hanna may deserve all the credit he has received for electing McKinley. But in nominating McKinley he was just a good picker. He had found the right man to tie up to.

This basic truth about kingmaking in the Presidency will hold good for others than professional politicians. It applies, in varying degree to be sure, in the case of the distinguished amateurs who have had a hand in shaping the fortunes of successful aspirants. Where men have prided themselves on "discovering" a Presidential nominee or an actual President, it will usually turn out that the discovery was not quite so complete or so single-handed as the claim of authorship would imply. It will help to clarify ideas on the subject if we go back for a moment to the metaphor and recall just how the original kingmaker really operated. The Earl of Warwick in the course of the War of the Roses did not pick up any peasant lad that seized his fancy and set him on the throne of England. He did not work in a narrower field by looking over the entire palace personnel and picking out after due deliberation a candidate for the crown who would best serve the kingmaker's purpose. The field of choice in which Warwick operated was really very limited. First he threw in his fortunes with the chief of the Yorkist party and helped to make him Edward IV. Then he went over to the Lancastrians and helped to drive out Edward IV and bring back Henry VI. In both instances the kingmaker threw his support to the leading candidate.

Does Money Make the Mare Go?

To this rôle of the kingmaker in the selection of Presidential candidates there is an interesting parallel in the rôle played by money in the same business. The two, of course, frequently go together in the traditional formula. Successful candidates are "made" by politicians whose principal tool is a healthy campaign fund. But the truth is that money does not make candidates. Money attaches itself to candidates as we have seen the politicians do. It is quite true that only in the very rarest instance, in the case of the most genuinely dark of Dark Horses, is it possible for a man to be nominated for President without the expenditure of fairly large sums. But it is also true that any candidate having the very remotest chances of being nominated will secure financial backing, at least in reasonable amount. If you belong to the disillusioned school of thought there will never be a Presidential nomination of which you cannot justly say that money had something to do with it.

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But the difference is vital between saying that a man cannot be nominated without a pre-convention campaign fund and saying that the campaign fund made the nomination. Our Presidential history is rich in evidence to the contrary. You cannot have a candidacy tradition consisting of men of destiny like Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson, of stampede like Bryan, of Democratic civil war like Parker or Davis, of dictatorship like Roosevelt nominating Taft, of simple expediency like Harding, and yet maintain that money buys Presidential nominations.

Neither is it necessary to read an invariably sinister meaning into money used to promote candidacies. The sources are not always tainted. No doubt considerable sums are contributed to the more prominent pre-convention campaigns by corporations expectant of special favors, by business men interested in the far-flung largess of the tariff, by wealthy individuals with an eye to foreign ambassadorships. But these by no means exhaust the list. Strange as it may seem in a hardboiled world, there are rich men who will back a Presidential aspirant because they really admire him and are fond of him and agree with his principles and believe that he ought to be President for the country's good. When Mr. William F. Kenny told a Congressional committee that he gave a large sum to Alfred E. Smith's campaign fund because he loved "Al" Smith, he was recalling a factor in Presidential politics which may be recommended to the attention of a disillusioned generation as having much more importance than the cynical formulas about politicians and campaign funds.

The reason for discussing money in such detail is not the intrinsic importance of the subject. But the rôle which money does play in Presidential nominations may be said to sum up the entire process by which a man may, in the course of time, rise from anywhere to be the standard bearer of one of the major parties. Looking down on these broad United States from an imaginary point of observation at any waking hour any day in the year, one may discern thousands of men carrying within themselves Presidential potentialities. Wherever a fighting District Attorney has won an election by an impressive majority against great odds, he becomes in his own thoughts and in the eyes of his neighbors a candidate for "higher honors," beginning with Mayor or even Governor. Wherever a Mayor or a Congressman has rolled up a great vote and revealed qualities that seize the popular imagination, he is automatically a candidate for "higher honors," by way of the Governorship or the United States Senate. And of course nearly every Governor and Senator is a Presidential "possibility," in his own eyes and those of his friends. Thus at any moment in our public life there are thousands of personal careers rising from the broad base of local popular government and concentrating toward the apex of the pyramid in the White House.

Behind every such man of promise you will find the support of politicians, whether professional or amateur, and of money. The money will come from friends who like the man and believe in him; from executive individuals who like to have a finger in success; from politicians who think they can use the coming man in their business; from local pride in the home town boy; from sectional and regional pride; and, as he goes up, from the great mass of disinterested people who are drawn to a winner. The last of these factors is without doubt the greatest: it is the friendly, unenvious American sense of democratic participation in individual good fortune. When a man is nominated for President or is elected President there will invariably bob up an oldest inhabitant in the home town to aver that he always knew this boy Jones was going to be President some day. It need not be prophecy invented after the fact. The simple truth is that every promising young Jones is bound to elicit the prediction that he will be President some day. Somewhere in ten thousand villages or cities there is a prophet who is bound to be right.

So it is with the money that people will give, in varying amounts, to back their confidence in or sympathy with a promising career. People are always investing in rising young men and promising candidates, and no matter who carries away the prize it will be found that he has had financial backing. Sometimes it will be the limited funds collected by the fervent amateurs behind Woodrow Wilson in 1912. Sometimes it will be great sums unskillfully used; as in the case of the Cincinnati millionaire who destroyed his friend Leonard Wood's candidacy in 1920 by financing it not wisely but too well.

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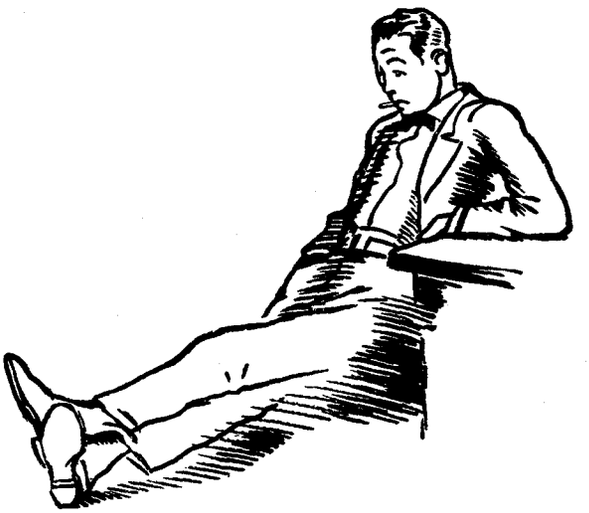
A. B., Unemployed

What Hope for the Graduates of 1931, 1932, 1933?



by **GEORGE WILLISON CONDIT**

It is extremely annoying to be caricatured, as you may discover by asking a traveling salesman about his morals, a plumber about his propensity for forgetting tools, or a professor about his absent-mindedness. Equally indignant will be the young college graduate when you ask him if he thinks "the world owes him a living." He will hastily and very likely savagely repudiate the suggestion.

I used to do that too. I was wont to assert on the least provocation that the world owes neither me nor any other diploma-possessor a single thing. I thought, and it may still be true, that probably some highly paid, eighth-grade-educated columnist invented the phrase. That was while I was still in school and felt safe in my own self-confidence and secure in my own inherent ability. Now, though, I am beginning to wonder.

In this, our now famous depression that started during the autumn of the last year of the turbulent twenties and will end only when God and Mammon see fit, the overeducated were destined to suffer along with the undereducated. I say "destined" advisedly. College-training-is-the-thing was insidiously chanted to boys and girls of the impressionable age. We were urged in books, magazines, newspapers, over the radio, to get more and more book-learning. "That's something no one can take away from you," we were told, and also, more surreptitiously, "It will mean a lot to you in dollars and cents later on."

The propaganda had results. The Joneses had sent their children to college, and so our parents began to scrawl figures on newspaper edges and to study their bank books. Education was beginning to be listed as a tangible asset in the family financial statement. And we, neglecting our high school English literature, clandestinely practiced certain collegiate mannerisms, dreamed absurd dreams about fraternity or sorority life, junior proms (we were too naïve to know anything about passout checks), football as no high school could commercialize it. We went to college.

Well, the mannerisms became our manners — worse luck — and we got the fraternity whirl, the proms, and the football. But there were a few of us who discovered, to our own amazement, that they weren't quite enough. Thrown into a more or less cultural environment, we became restless. Wistfully, but very secretly, we longed to have more than the thin veneer of education that was being slapped onto us in mass-production quantities.

We had been urged to specialize in everything from orthopedics and chiropody in

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medicine to personnel work and efficiency study in factory management. Most of our business-men fathers considered a straight arts course pure tommy-rot. It wasn't practical; what could you do with it after you had it (except teach — and who wants to teach?)? It didn't get you anywhere; it didn't pay anything. That was its most scarlet sin. So the great majority of students took either professional or specialized work: accountancy, personnel work, industrial management, marketing, finance, advertising, journalism, home economics, and so on. No jacks-of-all-trades, we — but masters of one. Yet we were restless.

Restlessness leads to war, and many of us found that in this war we were our own worst enemies. A certain few "dangerous" members of the faculty, teaching elective courses, slowly undermined our complacent attitudes and firmly intrenched fresh points of view. These newly won, strangely precious, idealistic social beliefs were at variance with most of the things taught in the specialized fields for which we were training. "Give ten reasons why selling short is an economic and social benefit." "Is advertising an economic waste? Give reasons for your answer." And only one answer was correct!

But those other few teachers — the insurgents — and the things they taught! How could an alert boy being trained to be the most virulent type of super-salesman, or a clever embryo advertising agent, or a canny financier (probably promoting some semi-professional campus activity in his spare time, even then) — how could any of them be expected to condone or reconcile themselves to a new social order that might threaten their own professions?

Fortunately most of the professors under whom we studied still bowed low to their patron saint and golden idol, Big Business, and so comparatively few of us were disturbed by qualms. But those of us who had qualms had them bad.

The Serpent Enters Paradise

Our junior year had almost flitted by before we fully realized that a very disturbing situation existed outside the cloistered walls of our college. We who laboriously studied that sacrosanct financial institution, the Federal Reserve System, had been taught that all of the former panics (or in more modern terms, economic depressions) were caused by an inelasticity of credit, inadequate banking facilities, and one or two other causes that we usually forgot to put down on our exam papers. The advent of the Federal Reserve System, they had told us, marked the absolute end of all business disturbances. Yet here they were; the prices of stocks and bonds were tobagganing, there was an undercurrent of frantic excitement. The newspapers tried to repress themselves like a thin-lipped schoolteacher, but by so doing they only furnished a stiff breeze to help spread the conflagration. Big streamers in the papers frightened people by announcing that Henry Ford and President Hoover would quickly restore conditions.

If conditions would soon be better, a few of us expostulated, why then were our parents paring down our monthly allowances? We slyly sent them the optimistic clippings. The economies applied only to those of us whose family income depended on the rise or fall of stocks and bonds. Sons or daughters of non-speculative merchants, doctors, retailers, farmers, dentists, skilled laborers, were oblivious of gathering storm clouds. Meanwhile those of us who received cuts in our allowances — cuts which made haberdashers and fraternity treasurers begin to have their worries — were told that it was only temporary and that within two months things would be better than ever.

Many college students dropped quietly out of college at the end of the winter quarter in 1929. Others began to take an interest in the employment departments of the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. W. C. A. in order to find part-time work. The depression was on.

By the time I had reached my senior year, in the autumn of 1930, we began to feel certain reverberations in the classrooms. Our prosperity-bred professors in economics began to qualify their former ironclad statements. Professors in the commerce college of the university commenced to ridicule the Rotarian attitudes in business. A growing number of educators on our own and on other campuses began to deplore openly the vast number of future Babbits who could not be counted upon to help raise the standards of business, or to purge it of its economic holocausts. Flag-waving, the high protective tariff, high pressure salesmanship, Red-baiting, ceased to be popular on the

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campus. Already America was at the threshhold of a new era and almost the first to feel it were the college students. Almost overnight we were taught a more idealistic philosophy, an awakened appreciation of culture; some of us even started to read poetry on our own volition, and became slightly skeptical toward the purely materialistic, pre-1929 philosophy of life and success.

When spring came, those of us who were graduating began to query and speculate among ourselves about jobs. In normal years there would have been a good assortment of representatives from large corporations visiting our college. After talking with the dean they would leisurely interview and select for their organization a certain number of seniors who would be graduating in June. For a time it seemed as if not even one were going to visit the campus. One representative finally did appear, and as soon as we heard of his arrival one hundred and fifty seniors stampeded into the secretary's office for an interview. He departed after having tentatively employed one man.

As the last few weeks rolled along, many of us had borrowed from banks, relatives, established fraternity brothers, the dean's office, even from our churches (those of us who attended). The most common question asked and the one most frequently evaded was, "Hi, Jim" — or "Hello, Mary" — "Have you got a job yet after you get out?" Already it was pricking our pride to think that we couldn't land a job with the ease of two years ago. We didn't know that six million people were unemployed and that thousands were making runs on building and loan companies, banks, while others were dumping their farm produce at pitiful prices. We didn't realize that people were already starving. And if we had known, it wouldn't have alleviated the situation, or our embarrassment.

Commencement — of What?

With the coming of June and commencement most of us didn't allow ourselves to speculate. Of course we would get a job. It might not be much at first — but we would get *something*. Why, we were trained! Of course the world didn't owe us a living, but surely it would be anxious to take advantage of our services. So we held our farewell parties, drank terrible gin and paid exorbitant prices for it. We filed beneath a summer sun in the final dénouement of our college careers. School was over and we choked down all Victorian emotions.

Unless my experiences since that sixteenth day of June, 1931, have been unusual (and I have no reason to believe that they have been, after having talked with other graduates), America's class of 1931 has been undergoing a very enlightening introduction to the outside world.

At first it seemed as if we were running up against individual cases; business executives who were the exception rather than the rule. In time, though, we found that they were representatives of the new order. They were as fearsome and excitable as chased guinea hens. They didn't even care to take our applications. Many of them looked as if they were getting rid of a hangover and were in desperate need of a pick-me-up.

I had been trained for advertising in college. I made what I thought to be some bang-up layouts in my advertising labs. I put them neatly into a portfolio and practically forced department store advertising managers and agency executives to finger their way through them. Impressed? Interested? Encouraging? Not in the least. Just bored. One thing, though — they did have leisure time and so they were perfectly willing to kill a little of it by talking with me.

"Not bad, not bad," they told me in such a way that invariably I received the opposite impression, "but if we *were* hiring anyone at the present time, we could choose from a dozen men, college trained, who have had ten to fifteen years' experience." That seemed, I must admit, sound. But wasn't there an answer somewhere?

I gave them what I thought was an answer. "But you see," I said, "I can't offer experience because I have been in the process of training. I have spent the last four years being taught how to do advertising layouts. Now I want a chance to put those years into practice."

"Business isn't college," they replied, mouthing truisms expertly. "Now here we have to have men with experience."

"But how can I get experience if I can't get a job? Don't I have to start somewhere?" I asked them humbly, patiently.

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Yes, they agreed, I would have to start somewhere — but not necessarily with them.

After a few weeks I left my portfolio at home and started to look for work for which I hadn't been trained — not advertising work, but any kind of work. A job — any job. I made out applications for all kinds of employment — clerical work, bookkeeping, clerking in a grocery store, soda jerking, work in a bakery, a creamery, a gas station. "Oh, so you graduated from college last year. But what experience have you had? What did you do during the summers? Humpff! I see. Worked in a boys' camp. Well, there is nothing open now. You might leave your name and address if you like."

My friends and acquaintances began to wonder what was the matter with me. A college graduate surely shouldn't have any difficulty getting work. In the mornings I caught myself looking in the mirror to see if I could detect any indications of weakness in my face. A year ago I possessed unbounded confidence in myself.

I am still unemployed.

The Right to a Job

It seemed to me then and it seems to me now that we college graduates have been tricked. They satiated us with the propaganda that a thorough educational training was one of the most important things in the world. We weren't allowed to be carpenters, bakers, mechanics, machinists, plumbers, farmers, and mere housewives. We were seduced into thinking that such work was too lowly and menial for us to do. They convinced us that we should have special training. So we spent sixteen, or if we wished to have more initials after our names, seventeen, eighteen, or twenty years in schoolrooms. Not being educated, but being trained. Not being taught to think, but being trained to remember!

It would have been infinitely better for many of us if we had used half those years getting experience and wages in some trade instead of being social parasites.

Of course it is very probable that we should have been unemployed at the present time — many of us, anyway. We might have been living off the community chest with thousands of other people; or else seeing our possibly large-sized families starving. But if we hadn't been duped by those same executives who are now turning their shoulders on college graduates; if we hadn't been inveigled into attending college — we could at least have been *qualified* to work. We would have been *experienced* in our trade.

If we hadn't been veneered with American culture! If we were more, or even less, than partly educated, we wouldn't be condescending toward those who go from door to door asking for an opportunity to earn a dime or a quarter — and we wouldn't feel inferior to those who are steadily employed at worth-while jobs. There wouldn't be a veritable cancer inside of us eating away at our pride, our self-confidence, our self-respect. We would have been married by this time, and not holding off at arm's length (painfully) any serious thought of Mary Smith who is now at home with her parents after having graduated last year and not finding a school in which to teach. Most likely we shouldn't be seeing the last vestiges of our former faith in creator, country, and capitalism break off in little chunks and float away from us.

At times of late it seems to me that a world, an American world, that so cleverly duped and tricked, so foolishly coddled us from four to eight years too long, *does* owe us — not only college graduates but everyone else — a little something. Not a living (that would be beyond all industrial rhyme and competitive reason), but let us say a reason for living; enough security so that we can know that we have at least a *chance* of winning.

Until recently — to a Mr. Fess now — such a claim would have been considered treasonable and dangerous. I realize that if such a concept were carried out to its logical conclusion, there would tend to be an undermining of the confidence in the divinity of the profit and loss statements; and in time even mergers might seem to be a little short of miracles sent straight from heaven. But since the classes of 1931 and 1932 and 1933 evidently must accept their fate as victims of a misplaced educational theory — just as older people have been victims of erroneous economic theories — we ought, I think, at least to demand that henceforth, whether the world becomes richer or poorer, in social sickness and in health, college training shall be such as to be no less helpful in getting a job than four years spent in any other endeavor.

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We Need a Labor Party—Now!

by **PAUL HUTCHINSON**

I

FOR THE SAKE of its own health, the United States needs a fighting Labor party, and needs it now. The nation is stumbling into a Presidential election in which its policies for the next four years will largely be determined. It approaches this choice without comprehension of the issues involved or the vital character of the decisions to be made. It is, in plain words, walking blindfolded into a political and economic buzz saw. These blinding bandages have been placed, and are being kept, across the nation's eyes by two decadent political parties, largely officered by a horde of professional manipulators whose main interest is in holding power for the sake of the revenue power yields. In order to whip away the bandages, to substitute genuine choice for the mockery of our present trifling between "ins" and "outs," to open the way of intelligent political action to the American public, there is an overwhelming need of an aggressive Labor party, defiantly committed to the substitution of the paramount rights of the worker for the present supremacy of the rights of property and profit.

Consider the situation in the United States to-day. Consider it, not from the standpoint of any ninety standard stocks or forty Dow-Jones bonds, but from the standpoint of the plain people for whom Abraham Lincoln claimed that the government exists. Where do the people stand? Even in the days of Coolidge prosperity, their condition was nothing to compel hosannas. Going on the rough and ready principle that a house should cost no more than double a family's annual income, and that rent should not absorb more than a fifth of current earnings, even in the boom days two-thirds of all American families found that a house costing more than $3500 or renting for more than $25 a month was out of their reach! And to-day? Somewhere between 8,300,000 and 10,500,000 (it is a measure of the indifference of the present political order that God only knows the actual figures) of the Americans who were earning wages five years ago are now totally out of work. Another 10,000,000 are working only part time. You will search long before you find many in the remaining working population who have not suffered a wage cut of some sort.

That's where the workers of America are to-day!

And their outlook is not much better. As I write, the newspapers are once more trying to cheer the public up with "just around the corner" predictions. But the business thermometer on the cover of *The Business Week* shows another drop this week (March 9) to below the 58° level — the lowest so far. The spokesman of the American Federation of Labor told a Congressional committee yesterday (March 10) that all the reports gathered by his organization indicate that there will be no important improvement in employment conditions before the end of this year, and probably not in 1933. The most optimistic forecasters — the Dr. Kleins and the Secretary Lamonts and the Roger Babsons who are trying to turn the tide toward the reëlection of Mr. Hoover — are now talking about nothing more roseate than "a long, slow improvement."

In all probability, the working masses of this nation must go to the polls next November with at least a quarter of their number entirely without work, with another quarter having only a few days of work a week or a few hours a day, and with the whole group staggering under the new burdens imposed by reduced incomes, increased taxes, and by the mounting debts that millions have accumulated in their effort to keep soul and body together during

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these years in which the industrial process has broken down. While in a condition of this kind, facing a prospect not much better, they must determine the sort of government they desire to live under during the next four years. If that government is to be of much immediate value to them, it will have to be a government that exists primarily to secure the welfare of labor.

II

BUT WHAT have the two old-line parties to offer? The Republicans, who are unlucky enough to be in office, are trying to stay there by saying that the worst is over and that recovery, although slow, can be expected to gain momentum from now on. And they are getting ready to point with pride to a series of financial measures, which began with the moratorium, continued with the organization of the National Credit Corporation, followed that up with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and then added to that the Glass-Steagall bill. The Democrats protest against this being regarded as a Republican program, since its accomplishment has depended at every step on Democratic votes. But, politics being what it is, this is the record of achievement on which President Hoover will go to the country.

I have no desire to discount the importance of these achievements. As a means of stopping the epidemic of bank failures, of shoring up the crumbling structure of railroad securities, and so of keeping the banks, the insurance companies, the railroads, and some other financial interests from crashing, this program has much to commend it. (I would put that much more strongly except for the fact that, at the time I write, there is as yet no evidence that banks and business are going to make any adequate use of the expanded credit facilities now at their disposal. If they don't, the whole effort will be of no avail.) But one thing should be noted: there is nothing here that touches that issue of overproduction and underconsumption which lies at the bottom of the workers' tragedy.

Suppose this credit expansion program works out 100 per cent. (Not all the Happiness Boys are in Washington!) What will that do to the recurrence of the business cycle? Actually, it will accelerate it! It will speed up its processes. It will shorten the period of the next boom; it will bring closer the date of the next crash. In his Indianapolis speech last year Mr. Hoover accepted the business cycle as something both normal and inevitable — something that the American public must expect every few years, and must learn to endure with patience when the drop comes. And that, so far as the interests of the workers are concerned, is the understanding on which the Republican party is going into this campaign. Hooray for credit expansion; hooray for an upswing; hooray for speeding up production — and let's hope nobody says anything about the bigger and better panic that will come in another five years or so!

And how about the Democrats? Well, really, it is almost indelicate to look at the condition of the Democrats in relation to this industrial situation. Up to date, the Democratic contribution has been mainly confined to Speaker Garner's profanity over the President's proficiency in getting credit for all the bills he signs, Al Smith's after-dinner suggestion of a two billion dollar public works program, and a most chaotic internal warfare over the federal sales tax, which was finally defeated. The sales tax battle is to date the one brass-tacks action which the Democrats have taken. Even the Wagner bills were never picked up by the party as a fighting issue. The Democrats proved as much afraid of the LaFollette-Costigan bill as the Republicans.

To be brutally frank about it, the Democrats are scared stiff over the prospect of a campaign that might get down to the actual needs of the unemployed worker. Between the economic Bourbons of the South, and the economic Bourbons of the Raskob-Baruch headquarters group, the last thing in the world that the party wants is a fight along economic lines. Even Governor Roosevelt's desire for a campaign built on a platform stressing mild regulation of public utilities is too hideous a prospect for the party's Wall Street cell. With what result? With the almost certain result that, by the time November rolls around, the Democrats will be trying to dodge the whole economic issue by holding before the electorate the picture of a frothy glass of beer.

Is it credible that the nation's workers will be content with this? (Not, I mean, the glass of beer, but the lack of economic promise in the programs of the two old parties.) In city after city, all over the nation, the unemployed and

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the part-time workers comprise a balance of political power. If you add to their number the bankrupt farmers, you will have a national balance of power. Then if you go on and add those whose wages have been cut, and who know what a long, dismal fight they face to push them back up again — provided the rules of the game remain unaltered — you have in the total not a mere balance of power, but an outright and overwhelming majority of the electorate. Are they going to let the old parties get away with the evasion of the needs of the workers that is now contemplated? Yes, if they continue to follow the present Green-Woll-Doak-Lewis-Berry labor leadership, the old parties will get away with it.

But that need not happen.

III

NOTHING has been of more sinister import for the future of America during this period of industrial breakdown than the supineness of the American labor movement. Organized labor was on the retreat before the cataclysm. The loss in membership by the A. F. of L. last year — 571,546 or about 17 per cent — was accelerated by the industrial situation, but there has been an ominous loss in membership since 1920. More important than the loss statistically, however, has been the loss in vigor. The leaders who have been in the saddle since the death of Gompers have not been of the fighting type, and accordingly the movement they have led has not been a fighting movement.

Perhaps it is unfair to lay all the blame for this loss of fighting spirit on the men who have succeeded Gompers. Old Sam had a taste of being a member of the same club along with all the other dollar-a-year boys at Washington during the war days — and he was never quite the same man after that. The tendency to "go along" seems to have become a characteristic of the American labor movement in those war days when every local leader was being told how fine a fellow he was for doing nothing to interfere with production at "cost plus." But the point is that, for whatever reason, by the time the trouble started in 1929 this accommodation policy of the A. F. of L. fitted in perfectly with Mr. Hoover's first ideas of the way in which to deal with the situation.

That involved, it will be remembered, a general economic truce. Business was to refrain from making wage cuts; labor was to refrain from strikes. But the actual working out of that policy has been a series of "strategic retreats" on the part of labor which leaves both the A. F. of L. and the other unions in the position of having taken wage cuts right and left without having secured a single promise of future safeguards for labor. A more melancholy performance than the recent Vancouver convention of the A. F. of L. it would be hard to imagine. Not even ready to go on record in favor of unemployment insurance, the sole important outcome of that excursion to Canadian soil was another resolution in favor of beer!

There is a general tendency to praise the A. F. of L. for this supineness. As Mr. Willard, representing the railroads, received the wage surrender of the brotherhoods at the close of the negotiations held this winter in Chicago, he stressed the "patriotism" of the rail unions in accepting the cut without a fight. But why is it patriotic for the worker to take a wage cut without a struggle, while capital exacts billions from the government? Capital actually managed to pass around $318,000,000 more in dividends in 1930 than in 1929, although the workers took a wage loss of at least eight billion dollars that same year. And the next year, as soon as the depression actually began to reach the coupon clippers, all the power of the government and of its credit was placed at the disposal of capital, while you will search the record of Congress in vain to find a single piece of legislation that would give important protection to the workers who, in that same year, were taking a wage loss of twelve billion.

One looks at such disparity in treatment, and at the inertness of the labor organizations, and the line by Vachel Lindsay comes irresistibly to mind: "Not that they die, but that they die like sheep."

When it comes to evaluation of patriotism, the plain fact is that this supineness of the A. F. of L. and the other major labor bodies is the course most surely calculated to undermine the nation's future. Not to try to include an entire economic summary in a single article, it may at least be said that the old industrial system, accelerated by the machine, with its piling up of profits for the few at one end of the scale and its periodical piling up of unemploy-

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ment for the many at the other, will not work much longer. The very attempt to keep such a system going will lead to an explosion, for the human misery which it produces has now passed the point where men can stand it. This explosion, when it comes, will have behind it the once unorganized workers, Communist led. There is no need to try to forecast its terrors. But by refusing to face this inevitable outcome of the present system and by offering no alternative (aside from acquiescence) in place of the Communist program, the A. F. of L. is gaining a present approval from the members of Union League clubs at the price of a future bloody revolution.

IV

WHY, IT MAY be asked, has labor been willing to remain so quiescent while it was being thus battered? One obvious reason is its own sense of weakness. A movement that is losing members by the hundreds of thousands every year is not likely to be in a belligerent mood. But the trouble is that this sense of weakness has contributed to the actual loss of strength. As the rank-and-file labor unionist has seen one wage scale or legal safeguard after another go down without compensating advances in other directions, he has grown to question the worth of his investment in union dues. The labor leaders who have gone about moaning over being on the defensive appear to have paid little attention to the Foch aphorism about the best defense being a strong offense.

A more enervating factor has been the type of leadership which American labor has followed. Here and there, of course, this leadership has been worthy, but for the most part it has been cursed with one of three blights. Too much of it has been flabby with prosperity. Salaries running high into the tens of thousands, with expense accounts of an almost unlimited nature, have undermined the moral fiber of scores of the men in high union office. A newspaper friend of mine who has represented his paper all over the world told me that the most extravagant, jewel-bedecked, and riotously wasteful crowd he ever saw in one place was the trainload of labor union officials and their wives that was taken to the inauguration of President Calles in Mexico City. One prime element in labor's present lack of aggressiveness is this fact that many union leaders are high-salaried capitalists, much more concerned in the noble art of looking out for Number One than in forcing capital to render an adequate accounting for its policies.

A second thing that has contributed to this state of affairs is the fact that altogether too many union leaders, particularly in the large cities, have become mixed up in illegal or racketeering activities to such an extent that they are in no position to lead a fight against the established powers. Here in Chicago, for example, there are at least half a dozen unions that are generally regarded as controlled by Capone. In a meeting I attended last week one union leader, while commenting on the prospects for the coming local campaign, reminded his labor audience that there are several dozen officers of unions who are under obligation to the present state's attorney for having refrained from indicting them. And so it goes. Anyone who knows the actualities of the labor union movement knows that one reason why the unions are flabby is because they have too many crooks in their seats of power.

And then there are the local union leaders who are just weak. But why go into that?

If, however, these causes of weakness were eliminated — loss in membership and lack in leadership — I doubt whether the American labor movement would be contributing much to the making of the America that is to emerge from the depression. And that doubt grows out of labor's lack of a philosophy or any interest beyond income. It is not only the labor leader who is primarily looking out for Number One. American labor as a whole has been content to conceive the whole issue as one of "wages and hours." The one attempt that was made to infuse the movement with a fighting philosophy — in the LaFollette campaign of 1924 — failed, partly because that campaign had no real philosophy of its own, and more because it was sabotaged from within the labor ranks.

It must be acknowledged that labor has been encouraged in this attitude by the lack of stimulation from the intellectuals who might be expected to supply an ideational basis for the movement. There has been nothing in this country comparable with the service performed by the Fabians and the Workers' Education movement in England. There, the intelligentsia have provided the working masses

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with a deep-piercing criticism of past practice and a rational program for reform. Here, about all that labor got from the liberals, at least up until the debacle, was rousing cheers for Scientific Management and the New Capitalism. Despite the loading and overloading of industry with watered securities and the betrayal of the whole productive process into a gambling pawn, the liberal thinkers to whom the workers might have looked for guidance have gone right on talking about the emergence of the technician, as if all that was needed to insure the welfare of the masses was competent management. Mr. Hoover's pre-Presidential commission went on that assumption. There is much about it in back files of *The Survey*.

And the worst of it is that the same sort of thing is going on right now! Here we are in the midst of this catastrophe, and what has the intellectual to offer? Planning. Sacred, mystic word! Count that issue lost of any liberal magazine — including THE FORUM — which does not have an article on planning as the way of salvation. Now I have nothing against planning. The United States is in desperate need of it, and without it we are headed for another and a worse economic cataclysm. But the talk of the liberals on planning so far has almost no point. Why? Because of three fundamental and obvious facts at which these liberals dare not, or at least do not, look. They say nothing about what sort of society the planning is to seek to produce. They say nothing about the extraordinary amount of planning we already have in certain giant industries, conspicuously the utilities, which has left the labor involved in an almost helpless position. And they say nothing about the inevitable breakdown of any planning before the attacks of a profit-demanding order. Mr. Wiggin, testifying at Washington, pointed that out. But the intelligentsia, who are now performing incantations before the shrine of planning, do not intend to deal with that issue of profit, and are silent.

V

WE MAY seem to have wandered away from the political question with which we started, but it is necessary to get all these factors in mind before facing the requirements of the present situation. In this situation, as I have said, the most immediate political need is for the establishment of a self-conscious, unashamed, fighting Labor party. Why?

Let me give only three reasons, and those only in outline. First, to make labor the fighting force in the national life that it should be. To give the mass of wage-earners an agency through which they can bring effective pressure on the social and political order, and at the same time to give the property-holding group that stimulus to vigorous thinking that comes from powerful opposition. Second, to cleanse the labor movement from present unrighteous alliances. As to the danger of future alliances, nothing needs now to be said. But a vigorous and sincere Labor party would at least smash the worst of the present tie-ups, and that would be an enormous advantage, not only to labor but to the whole community. Third, to offer the masses, especially the unorganized workers, an alternative to the Communist way of escape.

What would it require to bring such a fighting Labor party into existence? Many things might be suggested, but there are at least three that are essential. The wage-earning group must be brought to see that capitalism no longer protects or forwards its interests. There was a time when capitalism was the friend of the wage-earner, just as feudalism was his enemy. But now, what with mass and high-speed production and the wild race for profits to satisfy absentee owners, capitalism forces the worker always to live on much less than, in a just society, would be his in times of prosperity, and drops him into acute want in times of adversity. It even dares to confront him with a factory deadline at forty! If the worker can be made to see that the whole system under which he works is loaded against him, the first step toward a Labor party will have been taken.

The second step, I am persuaded, must also be in the realm of ideas. The wage-earner must be induced to accept a philosophy of society and its government which calls for the social control of the main industries. He must come to understand that while the process of private centralization of industrial power goes on as at present, no organization that he can form can have any real check on it. While the utilities, the railroads, the banks, and the heavy industries remain instruments for piling up private profit, neither courts nor legislatures nor trade agreements nor anything else can

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protect the masses against exploitation. But once let this wage-earner see that it is quite possible to extend the social control that now operates in education, in the parcels post, in vast irrigation enterprises — to name only a few examples — over the whole field of essential public services, then another step toward a lasting Labor party will have been taken.

The third step, it must be confessed, will involve finding a new leadership for the labor movement itself, and indeed, making it a new movement. But that is why I have listed the dissemination of these new ideas first. Spread the ideas, and the changes in the labor movement will follow automatically.

But at this point, I know, the raucous horse-laugh will be raised. Where is any such transformation of the labor movement as this coming from? From the present Socialist party? No; that party is divided to-day between a group of intelligentsia and a group of European-minded Marxist dogmatists, and neither can reach the actual American worker. From the Farmer-Labor party? No; that party is too local, too lacking in a social philosophy, too dependent on the farmers. The farmers have an enormous nuisance value in American politics, but almost no value at all in affirmative action. From the progressives who are so palpably out of place in the old parties — Norris, LaFollette, Costigan, Pinchot, and the like? No; such men rest back on the premise that they are to go on holding office, and as elections approach feel it necessary to range themselves under one of the old-line party standards.

All these forces could help to bring about the formation of a fighting Labor party, but the driving force that the project requires must be found within labor. Where can it be looked for inside the present labor groups? For one place, in the independent, left-wing unions, such as the Amalgamated Garment Workers. For another, in the railway brotherhoods. (Yes, I know there will be dissent, but the brotherhoods are in a new mood since their recent pay slash.) For still another, in the "rump" unions that are springing up in fields of industrial conflict, such as the new miners' union Frank Keeney is leading in West Virginia. For yet another, in the left-wing A. F. of L. unions. There are such, although the present stagnation of the body as a whole might conceal that fact from public knowledge.

And still another source of fighting spirit for a radical labor program will be found among the unemployed, many of them former trade-unionists who have not been able to maintain their memberships. Experiments already made in such cities as Chicago and Seattle indicate that these jobless workers can be organized by tens and hundreds of thousands to support a labor policy involving political action of the most direct and aggressive character. The Socialists, the Farmer-Laborites, the homeless progressives could all find a place in the political movement which such labor elements might launch. But the launching, and the initial drive, will have to come from within labor.

VI

Oscar Ameringer, that Oklahoma stalwart who writes the meatiest political paragraphs to be found in the American press, has said that "Politics is the art of obtaining money from the rich and votes from the poor on the pretext of protecting each from the other." It would be hard to improve on that as a description of what politics has come to be in this nation. The result is a Tweedledum and Tweedledee likeness between the two old parties, which, by uniting to promote the accumulation and protection of private property rights, have succeeded in fostering economic chaos and despair for the masses.

That condition cannot continue. Misery breeds revolt. The Communists regard revolt — complete violent revolution — as the only escape from an entrenched order of special privilege. They are to-day trying to persuade the victims of the present catastrophe to accept their program. They are not making rapid headway, for the American worker instinctively feels that he should not have to resort to force to gain what the "American dream," as James Truslow Adams calls it, has always promised him as his inherent right. But if this depression passes leaving the worker no more protection against the specters of unemployment — sickness, old age, loss of savings, and bad housing — than he had when the storm of 1929 struck, he will inevitably resort to *some* method of redressing the economic balances. If, then, he is not to accept the Communist proposal, some rational and hope-offering alternative must be available. This can only be an aggressive and avowed Labor party.

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What America Listens to

by **DARWIN L. TEILHET**

Some months ago I decided that I would no longer suffer five hours of radio caterwauling for every half hour of entertainment. So strongly did I feel in this matter that since then I have spent most of my spare time with a stop watch in one hand and a large black pencil in the other, checking all of the some sixty important transcontinental broadcasts. The result is that I now know the seven or eight offerings which please me. But to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, unless I continue to listen to all the programs (and God forbid that I do!), I shall not know. Old programs will change or disappear. I shall miss new ones. And I shall again be at the mercy of all the nonsense riding the air waves.

In short, once I established myself as a radio critic for my own amusement and information, I found that listening-in was less risky and more pleasant than formerly. I came to know what I liked, and where and when it could be found on the dial. But I cannot continue to check up on what are good programs and what are not; worthy of attention as our new art is, few of us have the time to give it all our attention. If I could turn to some paper or magazine and there read the criticisms of one whose business it is to know radio as theater, music, and movie reviewers know those forms of entertainment, then my radio shopping would be solved. But name me one good radio critic with a following. In fact, name me a radio critic.

The art of broadcasting is entirely too important to be ignored or squelched by derogatory attacks. The time is ripe for the conception of a new genus of critic with the radio as his field. He will encounter difficulties, among them the importance of advertisers in sponsored programs, but he will be doing a service and will, I think, attract a public.

As a specimen of the sort of thing I mean, I here offer the fruits of those many evenings which I spent weighing the merits and demerits of the national programs. I have included comments on the production men and directors whenever possible, for together they are charged with the all-important timing, balance, and complete production and are as important in radio as a Lewis Milestone or a Joseph von Sternberg is in moving pictures.

Lady Nicotine's Children

Lucky *Strike Dance Hour*, with columnist Walter Winchell and various night-club and hotel orchestras.

> Howard Claney, announcer. Technicians' names withheld. Sponsored by American Tobacco Company. Approximately 4 minutes, 7 seconds of advertising, 13 minutes of Winchell, and remaining time dance music. N.B.C. WEAF network. 10:00–11:00 P.M. (E.S.T.) Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Brilliant showmanship makes each presentation glitter. Tune in if you like to dance and do not mind a diluted Winchell acting as capper for Claney's unctuous remarks.

Camel Quarter Hour, with crooner Morton Downey and Jacques Renard's orchestra.

> Tony Wons, announcer. Winter, Wons, continuity. Barnow, production. Gannon, director. Sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. Approximately 1 minute, 45 seconds of advertising, 2 minutes of rubbish by the nation's great heart-throb philosopher, Wons, and remaining time divided between Downey and orchestra. C.B.S. 7:45–8:00 P.M. (E.S.T.) every night except Sunday. This is the original Jack of fifteen minute transcontinentals which caused giant hour presentations to change their step. Tune in a little after 7:45, take a minute out in the middle of the program to fill your glass with ice, and you will miss almost all of Wons. The music is smooth and worth hearing.

Chesterfield Quarter Hour, with baritone Alex Gray and Nat Shilkret's orchestra; or Ruth Etting or Boswell sisters.

> Kenneth Roberts and Frank Knight, announcers. Agency continuity. Boesche, production. Bennet, director. Sponsored by Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company. Less than 1 minute of advertising with no other interruptions in the smart and varied

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tempo of Gray and orchestra. C.B.S. 10:30–10:45 P.M. (E.S.T.) every night except Sunday; 10:00–10:15, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Shilkret from N.B.C. to C.B.S. was a scoop. Gray and Shilkret's 35 piece orchestra and easy announcements make this the most enjoyable quarter hour of popular melody on the air at this moment. Ruth Etting needs no praise.

Prince Albert Quarter Hour, with contralto Alice Joy and Paul Van Loan's orchestra.

"Ol' Hunch" (Jess Pugh), announcer. Technicians' names withheld. Sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. Approximately 1 minute, 5 seconds of advertising, 2 minutes by the nation's foremost imitator of Tony Wons, and remaining time devoted to Alice Joy and minor consideration to orchestra. N.B.C. WEAF network. 7:30–7:45 P.M. (E.S.T.) every night except Sunday. Program structure based on Camel Quarter Hour. Jess Pugh — well, puns on names are the lowest form of criticism. Men like Alice Joy.

These four offsprings of Lady Nicotine have been grouped under one heading as they all have a fundamental structural interest. Prince Albert and Chesterfield are adaptations of the Camel Quarter Hour. The Lucky Strike Hour had its character radically altered because of the phenomenal success of its smaller rivals. Before the Camel Quarter Hour blasted away the prejudice against 15 minute broadcasts by developing elaborate signatures and closings, building up spots for personalities, and sugar-coating sales messages, the big hour program was supposed to be the only outlet for successful transcontinental dance offerings.

The early loud and blaring creations of Lucky Strike's B. A. Rolfe's orchestra were, somehow, faintly reminiscent of tent shows and circus barkers. Eric Barnow and Charles Gannon, D. W. Griffiths of the radio, deliberately designed the Camel offering to be the opposite. They have given it a soothing and soporific blend. It starts easily and ends subtly. There is no jerk, no abrupt dismounting of horses. It was so successful that the Prince Albert Quarter Hour, offered by the same sponsors, was modeled upon the identical structure. Two programs of identical sweetness every night are bad for the digestion, and Jess Pugh as "Ol' Hunch" is enough of a parody of Tony Wons to be pretty terrible.

The rhythmic Chesterfield Quarter Hour is Lady Nicotine's newest baby. It is a talented youngster, having early assimilated the lessons propounded by Camel's Barnow and Gannon. Morton Downey and Tony Wons plus an orchestra background divide attention and make impossible one single climax. Chesterfield, on the contrary, welds Alex Gray and Nat Shilkret's orchestra into one coördinated unit. Chesterfield's problem of advertising — the same problem which Camel solved by permitting Tony Wons to replace a commercial announcer — was solved by slipping in the sales-talk before the program machinery starts to move. Camel's fadeout is bodily stolen without even a thank-you. It is improved by an unexpected fillip in the form of a teaser medley of the following night's music.

As soon as the Camel Quarter Hour leaped to the front, the Lucky Strike Hour underwent rapid reconstruction work. Walter Winchell was hired for the hour's broadcast to carry a thread of continuity. The employment of the best dance orchestras from all over the world is a master stroke of showmanship. But Winchell has a poor radio voice. His act is weakened by evident censorship and by having him pave the way for the commercial announcement.

For these reasons, I submit that the Chesterfield Quarter Hour, with its more modern technique, is the most interesting, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour is the most sensational, and talent and quality are about equal in all of Lady Nicotine's pleasant offerings.

A Comic Strip of the Air

Amos 'n' Andy, with Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll.

Bill Hay, announcer. Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, continuity and production. Sponsored by Pepsodent Toothpaste Company. Approximately 1 minute, 50 seconds of advertising. (Recently the advertising time has been temporarily increased due to a new sales effort. It is to be hoped that the usual time soon will prevail again.) Remaining time dramatic comic strip in black-face dialogue. N.B.C. WJZ network. 7:00–7:15 P.M. (E.S.T.) every night except Sunday. You may not like it, but about twenty million other people do, and this amateur critic will wager that the twenty million, this time at least, are more nearly correct in their approval.

If there is a just God, Messrs. Gosden and Correll must breathe a prayer of thanks to Sidney Smith every time they receive their pay checks. Some years ago Mr. Smith relieved himself of the arduous mental task of devising a daily joke for his newspaper comic strip, "The Gumps." He changed the emphasis from unrelated comic incidents to a sort of day-by-day

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serial. Much to his surprise his strip became, for a while, the most popular in the country. So much so that Chicago's station WGN, owned by the newspaper publishing "The Gumps," decided to experiment and put them on the air.

WGN looked around for inexpensive talent. Two individuals who had enjoyed no great luck in minor vaudeville circuits and much less when they first went over the air on old WEBH in 1924 were approached. However, these two vaudevillians promptly declined to appear on a program trademarked by someone else's name. Their extraordinary shrewdness and boldness at a time when they could hardly foresee three meals ahead clearly demonstrates that the success of Freeman F. Gosden as "Amos" and Charles J. Correll as "Andy" is not quite so much due to luck and the low state of intelligence of radio audiences as is commonly reputed. They countered with a proposal to appear in a radio strip of their own, employing the same trick of character continuity found so profitable with "The Gumps." As soon as they went on the air with the comic strip continuity, their belief in miracles commenced. They began to eat regularly.

Critics of other arts, appalled by the huge mass popularity of "Amos 'n' Andy," have almost universally failed to appreciate the surprising capacity for learning displayed by Messrs. Gosden and Correll. Their development did not halt with the initial impetus received from cartoonist Smith's unintentional contribution to a new and noble art. Using the sustained climaxes of the old movie serials, they became entirely independent of set nightly acts customary on the stage. Because no one then knew much about creating sound effects for a background, they learned to depend upon their own voices to give color and movement to their program. Any humor which required intelligence to understand was eliminated. A simple system of vowel changes such as "incorpulate" for "incorporate" is their principle source eternal for laughter.

The protagonists of "Amos 'n' Andy" are gifted with a crude but sure sense of the dramatic. They seem to have an instinctive understanding of the limitations inherent in a large, incoherent mass audience. With "Amos" and "Andy," fortified by secondary characters such as "King Fish," "Pat Pending," and others introduced at regular intervals to renew audience interest, Gosden and Correll have created stock types as true to our age as Scapin, Arlechino, and Scaramuccio were to the Renaissance.

In the summer of 1929 N.B.C. took them away from WGN, found a sponsor, and gave them to a palpitating nation. For a year and a half Messrs. Gosden and Correll reigned without opposition. With fame they have grown satisfied with their work. They fail to keep up with the technical advances of radio. They do not utilize the improved sound effects. Not being able to create women characters with their voices, they use clumsy circumlocutions to introduce any sex appeal — and don't think sex appeal is any less important to the radio than to the cinema!

Other radio comic strips have developed and improved in form within the last year. The conclusion is reluctant: "Amos 'n' Andy" is old-fashioned. Its dramatic machinery creaks. The very fact that its players have returned to the uncomplicated routine which dazzled us in 1929 dates "Amos 'n' Andy." Whatever may be their future, let us remember with pleasure their commercial partner, Bill Hay, as the first announcer who talked as if he were a gentleman entering your home by your courtesy.

A Dramatic Serial

MYRT *and Marge*, with Myrtle Vail, Donna Damerel, and cast.

Harlow Wilcox, announcer; Myrtle Vail, continuity and direction. Sponsored by manufacturers of Wrigley's chewing gum. 25–30 seconds advertising. Remaining time dramatic comic strip. C.B.S. 7:00–7:15 P.M. (E.S.T.) every night except Sunday. Recommended. The most advanced program of its type now on the air.

Myrtle Vail plays the character of "Myrt," an experienced hoofer, who, with her partner "Marge" (Donna Damerel — and she will forgive me if I suspect that it is not her baptismal name), undergoes a variety of episodic experiences while touring the country in a road show. "Myrt and Marge" work together like honey and cream, setting a hard and glittering tempo directly traceable to the vaudeville antecedents of Miss Vail. Their swift lines are very different from Amos' and Andy's ponderous exchanges. In addition, Miss Damerel provides a sweet and pure sex interest which can be safely gulped down by the hinterland

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without making the children go to bed before their proper hour.

Myrtle Vail's continuity is flexible. Of late it has turned into an exciting gangster story. When the audience tires of gangsters no doubt the continuity will change, for it is capable of almost infinite variations. Directress Vail has provided herself with an excellent cast. The technician in charge of sound effects is almost as good as the gentleman similarly employed in helping to make the radio adventures of Sherlock Holmes more realistic.

The players have been trained to use dramatic pauses of the voice. This is difficult. The usual stage pause over the radio extends for so long that it disrupts the scene and all over the land the radios click in an effort to find another program. Just as the Camel wizards took advantage of the time pressure, so has Miss Vail learned how to condense the whole tradition of acting into limits that successfully apply to her presentations. Her sponsor helps her by limiting the commercial announcements to a minimum.

In short, Myrtle Vail understands her material and medium well enough to give us very good serialized melodrama. It has never before been done successfully and intelligently on a fifteen-minute period. That she can do this makes "Myrt and Marge" important and worthy of attention.

A Rube Bible Act

SUNDAY *at Seth Parker's*, with Phillips Lord and cast.

Phillips Lord, continuity and direction. Sustaining program — no advertising. N.B.C. WEAF network. 10:45–11:15 P.M. (E.S.T.) every Sunday night. Many of the smaller stations have fairly good record programs at this hour. Try them. Or, if you have a short-wave receiver, you can get spirited dance music from Cuba. Or you can go to bed.

This program is proof that the radio, or at least that part of it controlled by the National Broadcasting Company, is doing its share to elevate our moral fiber. In other words, no one can say N.B.C. has forgotten God. "Sunday at Seth Parker's" is not defiled by the mercenary sponsorship of any advertiser. For half an hour every Sunday evening the entire facilities of the N.B.C. system reach the supreme heights of unselfish service when the talents of Mr. Phillips Lord and cast are carried forth free into every nook and cranny of the United States.

Mr. Lord has devised what is vulgarly known to the profession as a rube Bible act. He has surrounded himself with such sterling character actors as Effie Palmer as "Mother Parker," Bennet Kilpack as "Cephus," Mrs. Phillips Lord as "Lizzie," Raymond Hunter as the ferocious and lovable "Captain Bang," and others whom I have forgotten. Their singing voices and remarkable reading of lines have brought tears and spiritual consolation to millions of devout souls exalted and refreshed by Sunday exercises at country clubs and bridge tables.

Mr. Lord and his troupe have the pleasant little conceit that they are all gathered every Sunday after supper in the rural, New England home of an old gentleman, "Seth Parker." This mellow character is played by Phillips Lord himself, whose natural talents triumph over the handicap of the ripe age of twenty-seven years. At "Seth Parker's" these quaint creatures sing old-fashioned hymns with many dear and charming halts and interruptions while they josh each other in their very nice, restrained manner. They do their best to conjure up the happy days of long ago when applejack and bundling were in vogue.

Despite the pathetic tremolo of Mr. Lord's youthful falsetto, the various tender passages of his robust cast, and the careful fidelity of performance, I must admit that my shallow mind is unable to appreciate either Mr. Lord's artistry or N.B.C's pecuniary sacrifice.

Shades of Conan Doyle

THE *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, with Richard Gordon, Leigh Lovell, and cast.

Joseph Bell, narrator. Technicians' names withheld. Sponsored by G. Washington Coffee Refining Company. Approximately 2 minutes of advertising. Remaining time dramatic adaptation of Sherlock Holmes yarns. N.B.C. WJZ network. 9:00–9:30 P.M. (E.S.T.) every Wednesday night. Good blood-and-thunder stuff.

Singers and the orchestras bring larger audiences than dramatic attempts, it is true, but the rub is that no particular concentration is required to listen to the lovely ebb and flow of some crooner's yearnings. When the program suddenly jars to a standstill and the announcer rips into the two hundred word a minute sales talk, it is upsetting for the sponsor if his audience is still under the impression they are lis-

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tening to part of a song disturbed by static. With the absence of any visual props to the imagination, dramatic radio episodes require furious concentration. Often the listener turns off all living room lights in order that nothing shall break the illusion when, for example, the Hound of the Baskervilles sends the dreadful baying over the air channels.

With the listener in such a state of rapt concentration, any message recommending a certain beverage will not pass into a total mental vacuum. Therefore, as long as the advertiser foots the bill we may expect more programs on the order of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." If they are anywhere near as good, I shall listen to them.

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" has as intelligent direction as "Myrt and Marge" or the "Chesterfield Quarter Hour." It is the best of the transcontinental radio mystery dramas, although not so lively as the Eastern broadcasts of the "Crime Club Mysteries," or so novel and exciting as the original material prepared by Carleton Morse and broadcast as a sustaining feature for the West coast.

Richard Gordon as "Sherlock Holmes" and Leigh Lovell as "Dr. Watson" play their not very complicated rôles pleasantly. What is more important, they give just enough of an impression of having their tongues in their cheeks to provide the entire offering with a freshness and vitality sadly lacking in most transcontinental effusions. The adaptions preserve all of the action and the pre-war atmosphere of Doyle's stories. There is an unnamed hero in charge of the sound effects who has developed his trade into an art.

If you are tired or irritable, do not bring in "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"; rather listen to Alice Joy or Alex Gray. But if you feel in the mood for a good mystery, and the weather is too unsettled to go to a movie, by all means tune in for Sherlock Holmes.

The Rover Boys

General *Motors' Parade of States*, with narrator Charles Webster, chorus of mixed voices, and orchestra under direction of Erno Rapée.

Graham McNamee, announcer. Technicians' names withheld. Sponsored by General Motors Corporation. Approximately 3 minutes, 45 seconds advertising plus advertising allusions woven in throughout program continuity. Remaining time, talk, chorus, and orchestra. N.B.C. WEAF network. 9:30–10:00 P.M. (E.S.T.) every Monday night. Oleaginous tripe.

Paul Whiteman's Pontiac Chieftains, with tenor Jack Fulton, blues singer Mildred Bailey, guest singer, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

Sen Kaney, announcer. Technicians' names withheld. Sponsored by Oakland Motor Car Company. Approximately 3 minutes advertising and remaining time shared by singers and orchestra. N.B.C. WJZ network. 10:00–10:30 P.M. (E.S.T.) every Friday night. It is Paul Whiteman's show. He has better singers and almost as smooth an orchestra as when he was on the lamented Old Gold program.

General Motors' subsidiary, the Oakland Motor Car Company, is fortunate in having the services of Paul Whiteman. Any program with him is worth listening to. His finished orchestrations still have an almost classical movement and their usual richness of coloring. The singers are as much under his control as his orchestra. Even the announcing is smooth and unobjectionable.

As a result the entire half hour is incomparably better balanced than the General Motors' Parade of States. The latter tries to pump up added interest with a saccharine and typically radio history of each state. Whiteman lends real news value to his half hour by roving throughout the country and featuring local talent during each period. His method is far and away the more vivid. It requires no straining and gilding of continuity to hold attention.

I do not greatly object to Charles Webster. After all, he is merely a voice paid to utter words over which he has no control. But that prize announcer, Graham McNamee, is something else again. His single-tracked and forced enthusiasm is unable to make any distinction between an Army-Stanford football game, Shanghai being bombarded by the Japanese, the President of the United States, or an internal combustion engine.

* * *

So ends the demonstration. You may not agree with my criticisms, but my purpose has been merely to prove by a few examples that such criticism is feasible. Intelligently and conscientiously pursued over a period of time, it might not only draw to itself a large number of followers among the radio audience but actually have some effect in improving the quality of the programs which are directed at them.

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The Risks of Childbirth

by **LOUIS I. DUBLIN**

SIXTEEN thousand women die each year in the United States as a sacrifice to motherhood. It is true that from the beginning of time it has been considered a law of nature that women should jeopardize their lives when giving birth to children; maternal deaths have been more or less taken for granted. But in these more advanced and sensitive times, the large number of them has aroused public resentment. Moreover, the deaths are now considered, to a large extent, at least, preventable.

Maternal deaths occur when women are at their prime, and at these ages they exceed in number those from any other cause, with the single exception of tuberculosis. The Federal Children's Bureau, as well as the health departments of our states and cities and many private organizations, are engaged in studying the causes of this mortality, in determining where responsibility for it rests, and in preventing as much of it as is possible within the limits of their restricted resources.

An annual toll of 16,000 women is so large that many extravagant charges have been made regarding our negligence. It has become fashionable to quote all sorts of odds and ends of figures to show that America stands at the foot of the list of nations in safeguarding maternity. That charge is fortunately not true; but as we shall see, the situation is bad enough. Perhaps the reader will be sufficiently interested to bear with a few technicalities which show how international comparisons of the relative hazard of maternity are made. The simplest method is to quote the crude death rates for maternal causes, that is, the number of women that die from childbirth in any year in every hundred thousand of the population. The maternal death rate thus computed for the United States was 13.2 in 1929, the last year for which figures are available. This figure, however, is very limited in its utility because it gives no clue to the frequency of births. We know that in various countries the birth rates are very different. A maternal mortality figure based solely on population is, therefore, most deceptive; for obviously, puerperal deaths occur only when women exercise the function of maternity. Consequently, it is much better statistical practice to compute the maternal death rate on the number of births rather than on the population. Thus, we obtain a more refined and more comparable measure of the hazard. On this basis, the maternal death rate in the Registration Area of the United States, in 1929, was 7.0. This means that seven mothers died for every thousand live born children.

This figure does not compare favorably with 3.2 maternal deaths per thousand live births in Denmark; 3.4 in Holland; 3.6 in Norway; 3.8 in Sweden, and 4.3 in England and Wales. There is not a single large European country, taking the published figures at their face value, where the rates are higher than in the United States. But the figures cannot be taken at their face value. The various countries of the world compile their vital statistics in somewhat different ways and the results are therefore not strictly comparable. Where the death certificate mentions both childbirth and influenza, the English and Scottish practice prefers to tabulate the death as due to influenza. Our statisticians are instructed to record such a death as due to maternal causes. Other diseases which complicate

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maternity are treated in much the same way. Thus, in various European countries, deaths of mothers are often assigned to septicemia, to pneumonia, to nephritis, or to heart disease, which, in our practice, would be assigned to maternity. Such differences of procedure tend to make the American figures appear considerably higher than if we followed the statistical practice of Europe.

Another difficulty arises because of a variety of interpretations as to what constitutes a live birth. In certain countries of Europe, if a child dies before the birth is registered, it is classified as a stillbirth. In the United States a child is considered born alive even though it draws only one breath. These differences in practice affect the maternal mortality rate which, as I have pointed out, is based upon the number of live births. Nevertheless, there is not much room to doubt that the United States occupies an unenviable position. There is really no reason why in a country like ours seven mothers should die to bring a thousand live children into the world. When every statistical correction has been made, the hazard of maternity is much greater here than it is in Holland or in the Scandinavian countries.

Schools for Midwives

What accounts for the more favorable showing of these European countries? Undoubtedly the fundamental difference is the better obstetrical care that their women receive. They have taken the trouble to organize an effective and adequate service for the care of their mothers. In Holland, for example, both physicians and midwives receive intensive training, and there is the closest coöperation between the two groups. (Incidentally, we should point out that in that country about 60 per cent of the mothers are delivered by midwives.) Candidates admitted to the schools of midwifery are carefully selected and their preliminary education is of a high grade. The number admitted is limited, and only the best class of women can successfully meet the strict requirements. The course of training, which calls for three years, is practical and under the direct control of the medical faculty. After graduation, midwives are licensed and carefully supervised and are required to return for postgraduate courses at regular intervals. The work of these women is, moreover, restricted to normal confinements. When complications arise, they must summon a physician and they are not supposed to use instruments. Much the same system prevails in Denmark, Sweden, England, and in other European countries.

In our country, however, conditions are very different. In the first place, only about 15 per cent of our mothers are delivered by midwives. We have taken next to no trouble with the training of these women. There are only a few schools for training women in midwifery in the whole country. One, the Bellevue School for Midwives in New York City, gives a nine months course to women without previous technical training; another, the school for nurse-midwives at the Lobenstine Midwifery Clinic, just opened in New York City, gives a ten months course in midwifery to graduate nurses.

Generally speaking, midwives in this country are ignorant women who have been trained badly or not at all and have little knowledge of obstetrics or of aseptic measures. They are, for the most part, unsupervised and not responsible to health officials. Such women would not be tolerated for a moment in Holland, Denmark, or in any advanced European country. But what is more important is that the general practitioners who take care of most confinements in America are in many instances inadequately trained for this particular type of medical service. Unlike the midwives, they suffer from no inferiority complex. They too often attempt to handle difficult situations for which they are not prepared, often with disastrous results. As intensive studies of fatal cases recently made by expert groups show, the doctor in these cases is often tempted to save time by hastening the birth through instrumental interference and through other dangerous shortcuts. If time were allowed for nature to take its course, many of the tragedies would be avoided. Our excessive maternal mortality reflects the insufficient training of those who handle confinements, be they physicians or midwives, and the lack of supervision and control by the constituted authorities.

Causes of Death

It will help us to understand the situation which prevails in America if we examine the causes that are responsible for the 16,000 deaths which we are considering. The first and

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most important of these is septicemia, which accounts for almost 40 per cent of the total. An additional 25 per cent are due to albuminuria and convulsions, or to what are called the toxemias of pregnancy. The largest part of the remaining 35 per cent of the fatal cases is traceable to the so-called accidents of pregnancy and of labor. A few miscellaneous conditions of no great importance account for the rest.

Experience has shown that fully two-thirds of these deaths are preventable. Certainly most of the deaths from septicemia need not occur. Septicemia is a scientific word for a very old and well understood condition, namely, childbed fever. From time immemorial women have suffered from this plague of maternity. In the past it was everywhere prevalent. It would sometimes run through whole communities with devastating effect. In 1843 our beloved poet-physician, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, published his famous treatise on puerperal fever in which he demonstrated the contagious character of the disease and pointed out that it could be prevented through the exercise of cleanliness by the doctor. At about the same time Dr. Ignaz Semmelweiss, a Hungarian, as the result of a careful study of childbed fever, urged the use of antiseptic solutions on the part of those attending confinements. It was he who for the first time identified childbed fever with general septicemia. Within a year after the inauguration of his antiseptic methods, the death rate from childbed fever in the Vienna General Hospital dropped from 9.9 to 3.8 per cent. In the following year the percentage dropped to 1.3. Through the work of these two men, precautions were adopted which in large groups of cases have reduced the loss of life from puerperal fever enormously. There is now little excuse for most of the deaths from this cause. It is primarily a matter of surgical asepsis, with which all physicians, midwives, nurses, and hospital attendants should be thoroughly familiar. Occasionally — and so rarely as to account for but few of the deaths from this cause — puerperal fever does develop even when the best known obstetric procedure and asepsis have been followed. So far as we know, these rare cases come from some unrecognized focus of infection within the mother's own body and so are not preventable by any means at our disposal to-day.

In like manner, the deaths from albuminuria and convulsions are now almost altogether preventable. They occur, for the most part, during the later months of pregnancy and are due to disturbed metabolism which is so often a complication of this condition. These deaths rarely occur among women who have adequate medical supervision throughout pregnancy. In the remaining fatal cases, we are concerned with a great variety of difficult situations. Of these, a large proportion could be prevented if instruments and other complicated obstetric procedures were not attempted by any physicians except those qualified, through training and experience, as specialists in obstetrics.

These judgments with regard to preventability are not my dogmatic pronouncements. They are the conclusions of the leading obstetricians of the country as expressed in a wealth of scientific publications which have accumulated in recent years. The work of these men has revealed the usual causes of the deaths of mothers and how they may be avoided. Particularly inspiring and instructive has been the leadership of the late Professor J. Whitridge Williams of Johns Hopkins University, who in his clinic proved that close and sympathetic supervision of pregnant women would reduce most of the troubles which arise. Many of his patients were poor colored women; yet he accomplished miracles. All that was necessary after the first thorough examination was to see the patients regularly, instruct them with regard to diet and rest, take their blood pressure, examine their urine, discover early any indications of syphilis and give the necessary treatment. Not least important was the provision of good medical care at confinement.

Community Maternity Service

The Maternity Center Association of New York is probably more responsible for developing the methods and techniques of a community maternity service and for stimulating other communities to improve their facilities for maternity care than any other single agency. It began operations about twelve years ago and established centers throughout the city. In each center, or clinic, a skillful obstetrician is in charge, but the specially trained public health nurses are the central figures in this preventive service. They see the women of the tenements as early in pregnancy

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as possible. Each patient is advised to engage her doctor or make hospital arrangements at once. If a midwife is preferred, they see that the patient is in close contact with the physician at the clinic. Month in and month out, the blood pressure is checked, the urine is examined, and other symptoms of disturbed metabolism are looked for and advice given. The service works. The usual mortality of women in pregnancy simply does not occur. They do not suffer from albuminuria or from convulsions. The woman comes to confinement in good condition. The confinement has been prepared for, and one of the Association nurses assists the doctor. The nursing care during the weeks after confinement starts the mother and baby off well.

It has been my good fortune and pleasure to have been associated with this New York experiment from the very beginning. I helped to design the form of the records and have prepared several tabulations of the results. In this brief paper, however, I shall refer only to the latest report, covering the experience of nearly five thousand women who received the supervision and instruction of the Association during the last eight years. Only eleven of these mothers died from diseases due directly to the maternal state. There were four deaths from sepsis. The rest were from a variety of conditions, for the most part hemorrhage and pneumonia, which complicated the confinements. The deaths represent a rate of only 2.4 per thousand live births. In New York City at large, the maternal mortality rate was 5.3, and among women in the very same district in which the work of the Association is located, but who did not receive this type of care, the rate was 6.2 per thousand live births. In other words, through proper medical and nursing care, the maternal mortality was reduced over 60 per cent. If the same measure of protection could be made available to all the mothers of the country, there would be a saving of ten thousand women a year.

As might be expected, the babies, as well as the mothers, profit from this type of care. Stillbirths and deaths of infants during the first month of life were far less frequent in this group than they usually are. In this series of nearly five thousand cases, there were only 27 stillbirths per thousand births, as contrasted with 47 per thousand among mothers who were not cared for by the Association, and only 29 infants under one month old died out of every thousand born alive, as contrasted with 43 in the control group.

These results of the Maternity Center Association have been hailed with great satisfaction the country over. The work of this organization is so clearcut and its administration so simple that it has stimulated similar types of service throughout the country. The one great difficulty is its high cost. Under present conditions, it must be in part, at least, supported by philanthropy. It will always be impossible to finance such work locally. It is, therefore, extremely significant that the Federal Children's Bureau has interested itself in the promotion of this type of maternity service. Through the operation of the Sheppard-Towner Act, it gave financial assistance to many of the states and helped to organize local work in maternal and infant hygiene. Without this help, the maternity work of many states and cities would have been long delayed. As a result of the great interest which has in this way been aroused, and because of the increased care given to pregnant women, the puerperal mortality rate is at last beginning to decline. There are very good indications that as the work proceeds, the results will more and more justify the effort.

A way has thus been found to reduce the high death rate of women from maternal causes. What are the next steps to gain our desired goal? I have already spoken of the midwife problem. We must clearly adopt those measures which Europe has found so effective, namely, the careful training and supervision of midwives. To-day they attend only a relatively small percentage of the births, and with the curtailment of immigration their work will diminish still further. So much the better for the old type of midwife. But I believe we must provide a huge number of modern and expertly trained midwives for our future needs who will be capable of handling safely normal cases. Economy of medical service and the limited ability of poor people to pay will make it more and more necessary to use these women, who must be not only skillful and thoroughly educated, but must do their work under proper medical authority.

Perhaps more important than the education of midwives is the better training of doctors. Up to this time, obstetrics has in truth been

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the Cinderella of the medical sciences. Physicians generally have received insufficient instruction and training in obstetrics. The responsibility for this rests primarily upon those who make up the medical curricula. In spite of the fact that the average practitioner devotes a much larger part of his time to obstetrics than to such other branches of medicine as surgery, he receives under present conditions a much smaller amount of instruction and practice in the former than in the latter. Competent observers now agree that many more hours must be given to obstetrical teaching. The medical student must also receive more intensive practical training. He ordinarily does not deliver enough women, nor has he enough experience in handling the various complications which may occur in labor. He cannot have a true idea of the difficulties which may develop in his practice unless he has been present at a large enough number of abnormal deliveries.

It would be unfair, however, to give the impression that all the difficulties from which we suffer are due to the insufficient skill of doctors and midwives. The situation is greatly complicated by the economics of current medical practice. Even if the rank and file of physicians are not sufficiently trained, those specializing in obstetrics are highly skilled and very successful men. The service of these capable specialists is, however, very largely restricted to the few among the well-to-do who still have an occasional baby, and to the poor who avail themselves of the free services of our public and private institutions. Under our present system, general practitioners are not and cannot be paid a fee high enough for them to give efficient service in maternity care; and the specialist has to charge rates which are beyond the means of those in moderate circumstances. This is the crux of the problem. How may we provide expert attention for the expectant mother at a price which the family can afford to pay?

This dilemma is part and parcel of the whole question of the reorganization of medical practice which is at the present time arousing so much interest and discussion. Times without number it has been pointed out that the vast majority of people are not receiving the medical service which they require, and that when serious sickness comes, they cannot bear the accompanying financial burden. There is no easy solution for the complicated problem, but the opinion is becoming general that medical service will have to be organized to eliminate the wastes and inefficiencies of individual practice. In this way, medical service will be improved and brought within the capacity of the average family to pay. With especial reference to the maternity problem, it will be necessary for the local group of physicians, or for the medical center which provides the medical service of any locality, to offer the services of trained obstetrical workers. Personally, I believe that in such a plan of group service there will be more and more room for the highly trained modern type of midwife, who will take care of normal cases and who will know quickly when complications threaten and when to call in the skill of the physician and specialist. Such a step will make it possible for the great mass of families to receive in return for their modest payments good obstetrical care. This is in effect what is being accomplished in Holland, in the Scandinavian countries, and in England and Germany.

Altogether, I am hopeful of a happy solution of this problem. In important centers throughout the country maternal mortality studies are being conducted by committees of physicians who are leaders in their communities. These studies are disclosing serious defects in obstetric service. But these committees are determined not only to find the defects but to find the means to improve obstetric care generally. The several movements which have been launched during the last 15 or 20 years, like those of the Maternity Center Association, the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky, the prenatal services in connection with the visiting nursing associations of our towns and cities, have already done much to reduce maternal mortality. They have at any rate stirred up the public conscience and have brought to light a serious deficiency in medical organization and service. The movement in the medical schools, and the early development of group practice in medicine, all carry with them assurances of better care for the American woman than she has received in the past. There is really no reason why American medicine should not meet the challenge and accomplish what has been done so well in other countries to ensure the safety of mothers. Too many people are working toward this desired goal for their efforts to fail.

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Growing Up in the South Seas

by **MARGARET MEAD**

I

OUR MODERN machines are such an incomparable advance over the chipped stone ax of primitive man that to find genuine parallels between the educational methods of a group of primitive fishermen in the western Pacific and present-day Americans seems at first blush impossible. When I went to live with the Manus tribe in the Admiralty Islands, I went looking for the illumination which comes from sharp contrasts, for situations so strikingly different that they would throw our own educational problems into relief. But instead I found the kind of illumination which one receives from looking through a reducing glass — a similar situation, on a miniature savage scale.

My first glimpse of the village of Peri, with its thatched houses set on piles in a wide lagoon, and its graceful brown people, lightly and strangely clad, with bones through their noses and hair dyed deep reds, gave no hint that I would find here, not an idyllic group of happy children of nature, dividing their time between weird rites and innocent pastimes, but instead a caricature in brown of contemporary American society. But I was not permitted to preserve my illusions, born of the strangeness of the scene, for very long. Not ten minutes after my arrival, the placid setting for romance and mystery was shattered by a furious altercation between two women.

Across the water echoed words which were obviously abusive, even to the ears of one who as yet knew nothing of the language. Almost at once men's voices swelled the volume of angry sound. A pidgin English inquiry from a boy was answered by, "O plenty fellow man all he cross along tooth belong dog." This, being interpreted, meant, "A lot of people are quarreling about dogs' teeth," giving no real clue to the quarrel. But a few days' residence in the village and close application to the language provided the explanation.

"Tooth belong dog" is dogs' teeth, the local currency, and the quarrel which raged that first night and almost every other night during my six months' stay in the village concerned not some magical incantation or some mysterious human sacrifice, but simply money. For these brown savages, externally so unlike ourselves, in costume and way of life ten thousand years removed from Spokane or Philadelphia, were in their chief interest the same. The news of the day was money, unpaid debts, bankruptcy, a new economic deal, the merger accomplished between two business men, or a contract successfully concluded between two traders.

Mixed with this financial news was the more homely chatter of the market place: what was taro selling for in the daily market with the land people? What was the result in prices of the extra large fish supply which the people of the next village had thrown suddenly on the market? Had that certain landsman really made an exclusive contract to deliver all of his sago to that Patusi man?

People rose, labored, and slept each twenty-four hours out in terms of business; they were born, married, and buried in an atmosphere of dogs' teeth, pigs and oil, pottery and grass skirts — money, raw materials, and finished products. Moreover, the Manus people built and owned the ships of the archipelago, controlled the fishing places and the inter-island trade, and made a living by selling fish and transporting goods from one land-bound people to another. In this way they stocked their shelves with pots, their storerooms with raw sago; they were able to set a feast with bowls upon which beautiful designs were carved, but they had not carved them, they had merely

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Woodcuts by Ten Klooster

bought them from their neighbors. Born business men, they bought *objets d'art* from near-by people and held them to sell at a profit or to use as presents to their business friends among another people.

II

AND NOT ONLY was their whole relationship to their neighbors one of business, but so also was the social life within the village primarily keyed to business. In order to keep trade lively and insure a rapid circulation of money and a quick turnover of grass skirts and food products, the Manus had devised a neat little business scheme which revolved about the occasions of birth, puberty, ear-piercing, betrothal, marriage, and death. One substantial business man betrothed his young son, perhaps not out of the cradle, to the young daughter of another business man, who was preferably but not necessarily — for, after all, business standing is more important than blood — his cousin.

He paid his contracting friend or cousin some thousands of dogs' teeth, many of which he had received from his cousins, brothers, and other connections. These were paid over to the active and silent partners of the father or guardian of the bride, and in course of time each one of these partners repaid this advance, not in money but in foodstuffs and perishable products. Not all betrothals or all ear-piercings were celebrated with such financial pomp; only when the parent or guardian was able to inspire confidence in other investors and also to mobilize a large number of poor and dependent relatives could he raise enough capital to make such a large showing.

Such men reap the return on the enterprise when the young men whose marriages they finance come of age, for the young men have to discharge the debt by working for their financial backers. The rich men are primarily the men of enterprise and initiative, the men who are not afraid to take a risk, who can break their way through the churlish trading manners of the land people, who can borrow canoes and find boatmen for necessary trading voyages, who can convince other people that they are reliable captains of industry. The system is very like conditions in a small American town where there is no logical reason why half a dozen men with some financial backing shouldn't start the first bank, but where actually only one man will have the necessary combination of shrewdness, daring, and ability to inspire confidence in others.

So in Manus, among rich and poor alike, among the capitalist and the poor relation who fishes for his rich relative, business is the dominant interest. Love would interfere badly with the carefully laid plans of financiers, and it is ruled off the scene. Children are betrothed in relation to dogs' teeth and oil, not in terms of love or congeniality. And on the white moonlight nights, the parents shut their daughters within doors, while the financial quarrels ring across the placid waters of the lagoon. Although it is only one degree from the equator, the people are brisk and always stirring, busy and troubled about many things, impatient toward any leisure time activity. They dance only when there is a big payment made which involves half the village. Although they buy and sell art, they have no place for the man who would neglect business for art. It is a capitalistic society, where the man with capital commands the labor of the man without it. It is a society where both rich and poor agree in an enormous respect for private property and the rights of the property owner.

And when I set about a more specific study of the Manus' methods of education, I found again a curious likeness to ourselves. The little boys are not taught business methods nor are they taught the complications of dogs' teeth finance. They are taught to swim and spear fish, and paddle a canoe, so that they may live a self-sufficient life in the water streets of their lagoon village. They are taught to respect

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property so that it will be safe to leave the children at home when father and mother go out to work or to market. But otherwise they are taught neither discipline, respect for their elders, nor respect for their elders' activities. All day long, brown merry children splash about in the lagoon, shouting impudent defiance at their hard-working parents.

We hear much to-day about the way in which modern children only come home to sleep and eat. This is even more true in Manus where women have magic charms to make their sons and husbands come home on time for meals — only the charms don't work. The youngsters leave home before breakfast and then, after much tumbling about in the water, they seek out their unfortunate mothers who are hard at work, feeding the pigs or making mats, and stamp and scream their hungry demands until the mother patiently goes home and cooks a new breakfast for them. At night, although the parents feel strongly that the children should be under the home roof after dark, no amount of admonition brings them back. Instead, the harried parents, tired after a long day's work, have to go about calling, exhorting, often dragging the squealing, unwilling little rebels home where they will be safe from the ghosts, in whom the parents firmly believe but at whom the children too often turn up their noses.

As the boys grow a little older, say twelve or thirteen, they weary of the incessant puppylike splashing in the water and need some place where they can sit about, smoke, chew betel, and mock the ways of their elders. And here again, just as the churches of the world have constrained the rich to build colleges for their sons, so the Manus spirits constrain the rich men of the village to build boys' clubhouses for their sons and their sons' friends. If these men fail to do so, it is believed that the ever-watchful spirits will send sickness and death upon some member of the family.

The young people shriek and cavort and riot on the edge of the market and the exchange, taking no notice of any of the business dealings of their parents except to shout derisive remarks at the timid landsmen who venture on the lagoon to trade with their fathers, and are never known even to do their fathers' occupations the honor of simple imitation in play. Given a boys' house, do these boys set out in earnest to learn the ins and outs of Manus finance? Not at all. The boys' house becomes a sanctuary from which to affront the morals and standards of the hard-working puritan community. One group went on raids and captured a woman from some neighboring tribe and brought her back to serve their pleasure. She lived in the boys' house and the young men dressed her up and paraded with her through the village. Their own sisters and their fiancées they had to treat with circumspection. Women did not venture into a boys' clubhouse so pervaded with debauchery, and the older married men went there only in the mood of staid married men off for a riotous good time on alumni day or at a lodge convention.

Meanwhile the young men fish only when they please, acknowledge no obligations to help their families, gather in the boys' house and drum away the hours of the night. Sometimes the walls rock as they stage a burlesque show in which their elders' grave religion of ancestor worship and dependence upon spirit guidance and care is held up to ribald scorn. Physically well-developed these young fellows are; they can climb, paddle, punt, sail a canoe, steer a course, send a well-directed dart home to its target, and dexterously dodge the spears of their opponents.

But the burden of religion and morality rests lightly upon their care-free shoulders. Noise, song, freedom, and perhaps a captive woman; mock fracases, boat races, impromptu theatricals, cigarettes and betel chewing, baiting of sober tradesmen, adorning their heads with most marvelous and wonderful headgear, and winding their ankles and wrists with sweet-smelling vines, disturbing the peace of the self-respecting and the sleep of the weary with an ungodly racket — this is the life led between adolescence and marriage. When one is hungry one can always go home to father; when

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one wishes to escape any of the slight demands of home, there is the boys' house.

And then comes the day of marriage, the day of reckoning. At twenty-two or-three, the young man is married to the bride whom his father selected for him, years before, for business reasons. From the moment of his marriage, he has to get down to work; no more idle drumming days in the boys' house. His older brothers, his uncles, all the men who have financed his marriage, and so in a sense relieved him of making any financial efforts of his own, now demand that he work for them.

All night he must fish upon the reef; at dawn, chilly and sleepy, with the clammy tropical dew on his uncovered body, he must paddle to the market place to trade the fish for other necessities for the men who long ago invested their wealth in his marriage, and consequently in his future labor. He is ignorant, unused to exacting work, unversed in finance, without capital, without any habits of continuous application.

So unused is he to work that it almost seems as if he would rebel against it, were it not for his marriage. He is married and too poor to support a wife — this is the whip which Manus society holds over him, sending him, sulky, cowed, resentful, from fishing ground to market, and from market to overseas port. He is in debt and must work it out by sheer hard labor; until he gets out of debt he cannot raise his voice when the old men talk.

III

And so the Manus man passes his first six or seven years of adult life; the years when he is strongest, most flexible, and should be of the greatest service to his community. He works hard, but he works grudgingly; although his mind is still quick and receptive, he does not relish the rudimentary lessons in business which he should have learned long ago, and now must come to — a great baby of a man.

Although the setting is so different: a shallow lagoon in the South Seas instead of the broad plains of America, frail thatched houses instead of substantial stone dwellings or impressive apartment houses, red clay instead of pomade, and green vines instead of fancy socks, still — the spirit is not so different after all. Like the Manus man, the American man rises early and works late, his mind is primarily upon his business, his major motives are safety for his family, provision for their future, and, if he is a successful man — power to manipulate other people.

Like the Manus, the Americans tend to spoil their children, to demand no work from them, not even to ask that they understand the veriest outlines of steel manufactury or soap making, investment banking or civil engineering, upon which their bread and butter and the purchase of a popgun depend. "Let the children play, let them develop their bodies and roll about like happy young puppies, shouting as many 'Shut-ups' at their elders as they wish. Let them shrug their healthy young shoulders at the problems which will come soon to wrinkle their now placid foreheads and gray their hair. If their fathers can afford it, let them continue this happy frolic of irresponsibility well into their young manhood, and do not force the cold realities of life upon them earlier than is necessary." Such is the point of view of American parents. And in one other respect do they and the Manus agree — that once grown up, the young men should get down to work in real earnest.

For what the Manus boy faces at marriage, the American boy faces at graduation. He too in one day steps from a play world where he was supported by the efforts of others, where all the values, all the prizes were different from the world outside, into a workaday world. The father who last year stood ready to pay his bills and meet any sudden financial emergency now declares that the son must support himself, from the cost of shoe shines to the cost of a car, or he shall have neither. The Manus boy hears, "Who paid for your marriage? I have gotten you a good wife. Don't you realize what you owe me?" So many an American boy, who rebels against days spent uncomfortably behind a desk, has to hear, "I gave you a good education. I worked hard so that you could go to college. Have you no appreciation? Don't you know that the only way you can repay me is by getting down to serious work and dropping all this undergraduate nonsense?"

And likewise, America pays the same high price which Manus pays, because the youth of the land have to spend the years between twenty and twenty-six getting adjusted, instead of the more pliant years between twelve and eighteen.

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The Future of American Government

Participants in the Discussion:

James Truslow Adams

Elmer Davis

Frank R. Kent

Roland S. Morris

George W. Wickersham

MR. ADAMS. In the history of America there seems to be a cycle, similar to a business cycle, in what you might choose to call radicalism. The cycle appears to be about a generation in length. Begin with the American Revolution and see how consistently it works out. Following the Revolution, the Federalists, or conservatives, got into power. They were in the saddle when the new government was formed. In 1800 we had the first rising of disappointed elements, when Thomas Jefferson was elected. Then things went along that way until we had a second rising about a generation later under Andrew Jackson, which was again successful. Another generation and we had the rising of the West. Then of course we had what you might call an uprising when Lincoln was made President. After that there was the movement led by Bryan in 1896. According to this schedule we are just about due for another now.

I have talked with a number of men in different walks of life and with different interests, and each one has laid stress on the fact that he can't make out what is going on in the minds of the American public at the present moment. They are convinced that it is something very profound and important, but they can't discover what it is.

MR. MORRIS. Out of that deliberation will come the change which you predict.

MR. ADAMS. That is one reason why I should like to know what the American people are thinking about to-day, because if you know that you will know what form the uprising will take.

MR. MORRIS. If I read their minds correctly, it will take the form of a controversy over the unequal distribution of wealth. Perhaps they will take action by increasing income and inheritance taxes, and by various methods of that sort force what they would call a more equal distribution of wealth in America. I think that is certainly the thing that has made the greatest impression upon the mass of so-called independent citizens: that some departments of life are very highly overpaid. They have been going through one catastrophe after another themselves, and still they see enormous sums of money paid for very inadequate services.

MR. ADAMS. Bethlehem Steel is an example. Could they expect the steel workers to submit peacefully to a wage cut when Mr. Grace was getting a bonus of a million and a quarter a year and Schwab fought back and said it was right that he should get it? Those things make a deep impression. I don't think there has been any greater mistake from the standpoint of capital than Mr. Schwab's.

MR. MORRIS. That is what I feel as I go about talking to people through some of the counties of Pennsylvania. I am perfectly astounded to find how men of most conservative views — I mean what you would call independent middle class men, who are neither laborers on the one hand nor industrialists on the other, living in the small towns — are shocked beyond measure at the exorbitant pay that is given to some shrewd commission merchant who sells a taxicab company and collects $300,000 commission while they are trying to make honest and decent livings, perhaps on $1500 or $2000 a year. These men say there is something wrong with the system.

MR. ADAMS. They are dead right. I am a conservative man myself. My income is ordinarily derived from bonds more than from writ-

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ing. I am bound to be conservative unless I want to cut my own throat. Yet I am shocked at what is going on. I feel very much as a man might who is following a general and finds himself betrayed. I am not so surprised at Grace's getting the bonus he did as I am at a man like Schwab, one of the captains of industry, so-called, for not having had sense enough to foresee the effect on the country when he publicly defended the practice. He defended it at a time when the stockholders were getting nothing and they talked of cutting wages. That is what shocks the country, and it has gone very deep.

MR. MORRIS. There is a conviction in the minds of the American people that we are enormously wealthy as a nation. Everybody will tell you that — that there is no excuse for the present situation because there is great wealth in the country. Our workmen feel it, our clerks feel it, our middle classes feel it.

MR. ADAMS. Hasn't Mr. Hoover told them we are wealthy?

MR. MORRIS. He has hammered it into them.

MR. ADAMS. And that we have the highest standard of living, and the highest average of incomes?

MR. MORRIS. The issue that is going to be raised is, if we are so wealthy why is it that we are feeding thousands of families in Philadelphia alone? They say, "Where is it?" Then they read that a man has just died who is worth a million dollars, two million, three million. They resent it, and their resentment is so great as to blind them to all other issues.

MR. WICKERSHAM. It is true that up to the present time we have had the highest standard of living and the greatest amount of wealth distributed, but we have developed our industries to the point where we can keep them profitable and productive only by restoring our foreign markets or readjusting our whole system of international organization and exchange.

MR. MORRIS. Don't you think the public will say: "We don't want to make a lot of money by international trade until we see how it is going to be distributed. It won't mean anything to us if we don't get any of it." That is their answer.

MR. WICKERSHAM. I don't think that.

MR. ADAMS. I think that is the feeling. I think Mr. Wickersham is right in his analysis of the fundamental problem and you are right, Mr. Morris, in your interpretation of public opinion. The American people are not interested in the world at large and they won't be in the slightest interested in establishing the prosperity of the world at large unless John Doe sees how his wage envelope is going to be bigger because of it.

MR. MORRIS. Every time they mention questions of adjustment in international affairs, the people say, "That is what the New York bankers want."

MR. WICKERSHAM. Throughout this country of ours, just as in New York, nobody looks more than twenty-four hours ahead, because they all have the stock market point of view and they are all trading on narrow profits. The country can't be run on that basis. Unless some group of men is developed who can look ahead and analyze the whole situation and put it in more understandable form for the people who do think, we shall be in a bad way. I think that all through the country there are little groups who think and who, if intelligently led and supplied with accurate information, could influence thought and action generally. But they are not being led.

Read the articles in the reviews and magazines. They are the most foolish, vapid, superficial stuff. It is the rarest thing in the world to pick up anything that challenges your attention as being a product of thought based upon accurate information.

MR. ADAMS. If you look at contemporary journalism, you will see that all the articles that have any intellectual punch at all are the aggressive, revolutionary articles, and that the defensive articles are stodgy and uninteresting and unconvincing. The revolutionists always formulate the aggressive program. The conservatives always stand pat and talk about the perfection of the existing system and wake up to aggressive action only when the enemy is about occupying the outer works, and it is so to-day. It has always been amazing to me that the great captains of industry make such a poor case for themselves before the public and rely so largely upon political manipulation for their defense.

There has been a great deal of talk recently about our "business leaders" and the part they are playing in our government. I am coming more and more to the conclusion that we have

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no such things as business leaders. We have big bankers and big steel men and big railroad men, but those men are all working twenty-four hours a day at their particular desks, looking at all the problems of the country from the angle of a Wall Street banker or a president of a steel company or whatever they may be. They are not seeing the business of the country as a whole. They may have their eyes on prosperity, worrying about whether business is going to get better or worse, whether they should enlarge their plants, and so on, but I don't see that they are going to offer us any leadership for the country as a whole.

MR. MORRIS. In all these discussions of leadership we have ignored the force of creative personality. Somebody is coming forward to express in a phrase or an issue or an action or in his own personality just what people are thinking, and he is going to do it within the next two or three years. Not one of us sitting here can possibly guess who he is, but some man is coming forward from the great mass of the people to announce their decision — the conclusion they have reached after turning things over in their minds, as we have all agreed they are doing. He is coming forward to say something that will find an immense response, and there is your leadership and there is your uprising which you say is overdue. It is a matter of chance whether he will come out of the Republican or the Democratic party. It might be either.

Suppose you had been sitting around like this at the time of the French Revolution. You couldn't have foreseen Napoleon to save your lives. He just appeared. He was the unexpected creative personality.

MR. ADAMS. It seems to me the business leaders are just about as stupid to-day as the aristocracy of France was on the eve of the Revolution. They don't sense these things.

MR. MORRIS. I can recall as an undergraduate at Princeton discussions we had about the depression from '93 to '96. We were talking about Governor Russell of Massachusetts, just as you might talk about Roosevelt, of New York, as being a candidate for President on the Democratic ticket. We suddenly woke up one morning and there was Bryan. Nobody ever heard of him. But he was getting a response.

MR. WICKERSHAM. Bryan put in his "Cross of Gold" speech all the causes of unrest throughout the country. It was an amazing speech. The astonishing part was that a man like Bryan could have gathered together so accurately and formulated so perfectly as he did the reasons for the existing discontent. Bryan was a prophet on that occasion, but like many prophets, he was no good as a practical leader.

MR. MORRIS. And the next man may not be.

MR. WICKERSHAM. The next man may not be, but the first thing, as I see it, is to have the problem clearly stated. You have said that the problem centers about the division of earnings. Underlying that is the question of getting earnings. The industries of our country have been geared up to mass production that will furnish goods of various kinds, products of various kinds, not only adequate for the needs of the American people, but adequate to supply the entire world. The only way in which those industries can be kept alive and reasonably profitable is by preserving our foreign markets. To-day the foreign markets are largely destroyed. A third of the world's population is in a state of political and economic demoralization. Unless and until that condition is amended in some way, a large percentage of American industry is bound to be idle because they have no place to dispose of their surplus. So with our agricultural products. If Russia's five-year plan is reasonably successful, we will never sell a bushel of wheat to Europe again. We will lose our foreign markets for most of our agricultural products.

It seems to me that the situation is world-wide, and only the government can grapple effectively with that. I think that until the government of the United States has sufficient presence of mind and vision and courage to sit down with the governments of all the civilized countries of the world and state the problem and ascertain its full measure, we will never get a solution.

MR. MORRIS. That is my conviction, but I am equally certain that is not going to be the issue of politics in the immediate future.

MR. ADAMS. You may get a leader in this next upheaval who can voice the troubles, the anxieties of the American industrial population, but he won't meet with any response in questions of international affairs because it just isn't in their minds. It is not what they are thinking about.

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MR. KENT. Personally, I don't think there is *anything* much going on in the minds of the masses of the American people, because I think relatively few of them have minds.

MR. ADAMS. Don't call it "minds"; call it "feelings," "emotions."

MR. KENT. They have feelings, but they have slight reasoning power so far as public questions and political issues are concerned.

MR. WICKERSHAM. Up to the present time this country has never failed to respond to intelligent leadership. It has wobbled from time to time, but looking back over the whole history of the United States, it has been conspicuous for following leadership which, on the whole, has been productive of the greatest good of the greatest number. We have all the material for leadership, but no one is leading it.

MR. ADAMS. That is why I say our business leadership has broken down.

MR. KENT. I agree that the leadership of the business men has broken down, but it has broken down equally among public men and politicians and labor people.

MR. ADAMS. Owen D. Young is reported to have said that if the business leaders can't formulate some plan to smoothe out these periods of unemployment and overproduction and so on, labor will unquestionably take it into its own hands and formulate its own plan. The point is, are we in the hands either of the comparatively small group of business leaders at the top, or of the labor leaders, or can the government mediate for us in some way?

MR. KENT. The trouble with our political leadership, it seems to me, is this. We have got away from the two-party system, as far as Congress is concerned, and this country is geared to the two-party system and it won't function under a coalition system. We have in the Senate, and we have had for I don't know how long — since 1926, anyway — a situation where a small group of men, some thirteen or fourteen, hold the balance between the two parties, paralyzing utterly any strength of administration. You might as well not have a President; he is powerless and futile. Our country won't run that way. You can talk about leadership — leadership from the White House, leadership from either one of the parties — but it is not possible to get it if you have a group which manages to hold a balance between the two major parties and whose whole attitude is one of hostility to the administration. It makes no difference whether it is a Republican or a Democratic administration, their whole game is opposition. They lose their power unless they combine with the minority as against the majority. When they do that, you have chaos and futility.

That sort of thing has been going on for years. We have had it since Coolidge first went in. Nobody minded it then, because we were swelling along on the darnedest kind of prosperity that anybody ever dreamed of. Now we mind it like the dickens and we say, "Where is our leadership?"

You will get leadership, it seems to me, if in some election you elect not only a President but a functioning majority of the same party in both houses. Whether he is a Republican or a Democrat seems to me to make no difference, provided he has a majority that enables him to administer. The administrations of Roosevelt and Wilson were good examples.

MR. DAVIS. But even if you have a compact majority in both houses, don't you have to have a man like Roosevelt or Wilson to do anything? Probably Hoover will be the next President. If he isn't, I suppose it will be Roosevelt. Where on earth is the chance that either of them is going to act like Wilson or the big Roosevelt?

MR. KENT. Mr. Davis, I don't know that it is necessary to have a Wilson or a Roosevelt in the White House if you have a functioning majority back of your party leadership. Suppose you have a small man in the White House (we had one not very long ago, I think), but he gathers around him the responsible party leaders with strength. There is your leadership. If he is a small man, he leans on bigger men, particularly on the business leaders who are in line with his party, who helped elect him, and who have ideas of what should be done.

MR. DAVIS. It depends on whom he leans. There is a lot of difference between leaning on Mark Hanna and leaning on Frank Stearns.

MR. KENT. My point is that if you have a Congress in harmony with your President, action is possible; if you haven't that, then futility is the only thing you can expect. In the final analysis, the responsibility for a deadlock like that rests upon the blindness and stupidity of the voters who created it.

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MR. MORRIS. I don't agree with you that the American people are so stupid. As I look back over twenty-five years' experience, I am impressed by the shrewdness with which they have usually decided issues when presented to them. As I have gone through my own state on stumping trips, I have been perfectly amazed at the way they will take in facts and figures, and go home and take their shoes off and build a fire the following winter and think about them, and come to very definite conclusions as to what they think ought to be done.

They are uncertain now; they don't know. But you wait. You will be surprised when they begin to speak. That has always been my comfort. I have seen it over and over again. It will come almost at the end of a campaign, and then your newspapers, your correspondents, your magazines will count for nothing. The voters have made up their mind.

MR. KENT. And they make it up all wrong.

MR. MORRIS. The amazing thing to me is how right they usually are. I say that in spite of the fact that they have usually decided against me in the last twenty-five years. They are shrewdly right.

MR. KENT. I haven't the abiding faith you have. It is difficult when you see so many inexcusable things. You can look around your community and my community and every other community and see time and time again where the popular verdict has been stupid in elections of councilmen and mayors and state's attorneys and judges. Your own community, after all, is the place to judge your American people and their intelligence. It is prejudice and emotion that govern them and not thought. I mean the masses of the people. If they show good judgment and come to the right conclusion, it is an act of God or an accident.

MR. MORRIS. The trouble has been — and here we go back to leadership — they have been given a Hobson's choice over and over again, a perfectly ridiculous choice between two evils. And there is nothing for them to do, under our two-party system of government, but to take one or the other.

MR. ADAMS. Who is responsible for the leadership which gives them those choices?

MR. MORRIS. The parties he speaks of that have been disintegrated by the primary.

MR. KENT. There are the parties; the door is open to them. If they were intelligent, they would go in and give themselves a choice.

MR. MORRIS. They do when it comes to a definite issue.

MR. WICKERSHAM. It has to be a very sharp and definite issue because the fundamental difficulty is that those people who have the most at stake are the ones who give the least attention to those fundamental conditions out of which come candidates and issues. Your well-to-do citizen who goes to the country on the first of June and remains until the first of November won't take the trouble to register and vote in the primaries. He will only vote on presidential elections, as a rule, and will tell you there is no use taking any part in politics because one man can't accomplish anything. Until you get a more acute sense of responsibility on the part of the educated people of the country, who can do a great deal if they go to work and really use their superior trained minds, you will have this thing going from bad to worse.

MR. ADAMS. There is no choice to-day between the Democratic and Republican parties. They are both of them so afraid they are not willing to put any real issue up. Under the real issues they dodge consistently. You read the two platforms and you can hardly tell the difference. The Democrat to-day is a tariff man and the Republican is a tariff man. So it goes, from top to bottom.

As I look at this country, every time I come back from Europe, the thing that strikes me more than anything else here is the prevalence of fear. Every man in America is afraid. I don't care whether he is a vice president of a bank or an office boy; he is afraid of losing his job. There is scarcely anybody in this country who can call his soul his own. This applies to your $25,000 a year class as well as your laboring class. Everybody is afraid at the present time to say what he thinks, to act as he thinks he should, for fear of losing his job.

When this country was started, ninety per cent of the people owned their own farms. They had no particular fear of anybody. They hardly saw any money from year's end to year's end. Their own hard work brought them everything they had. If times were bad, they were sure anyway they were going to have a roof over their heads. They had a cow and a garden, and their wives spun their clothes.

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The whole situation has changed in the last century. To-day every single one of us has to have a constant stream of money coming in in order that it may go out on the other hand to get the absolute necessities of life. Here in the city, the minute a man's income stops (I mean the ordinary man) he doesn't own his own house, he hasn't any money to pay the rent, no money to buy food, and so on. He is out. Your laboring man to-day has none of that independence the farmer had. Even your vice president of a bank — he is afraid. If the $25,000 stops coming in, his whole life has gone up the chimney.

The politician is afraid of the same thing. If a man from New York or Oklahoma says something his constituents don't like, he is through for life, unless he moves to some other part of the country and tries to work into politics there. In the meantime, he has lost his income.

MR. KENT. Don't you think the prevalence of fear is going to operate to prevent the upheaval you have been predicting? I don't know whether we are going to have an upheaval or not, but it seems to me the disposition in times of unemployment like this is not toward upheaval but rather against it. With those who still have their jobs (and they are far in the majority) certainly the logical, instinctive feeling is not to rock the boat. They want to keep their jobs, so they certainly do not want upheaval or breakdown in the system. It seems to me the fellows out of jobs do not want it either. What they want is a chance for business to get better so they can get a job again. I don't believe that in a business depression like this, unless it gets very much worse than it is, there would be any extreme radical tendency.

MR. ADAMS. Suppose the men working for Ford for $20 a week decide it is unfair that Ford should be worth millions while they can't pay the grocery bill. Suppose they undertake to decide.

MR. MORRIS. I have perfect confidence that they will do it fairly. They may change the system very much. But they are very fair in their estimates of what they call valuable services, such as Ford has given to American life in great creative industrial advances. I think the only objection I can hear them making to-day is to the overpayment of certain kinds of shrewdness. That is what they are objecting to, not anything that creates better conditions.

MR. ADAMS. I think they are objecting to a lot more than that.

MR. WICKERSHAM. I think the opposition is to certain forms of aggrandizement that they believe to be fundamentally dishonest. Take, for example, the growth of the Standard Oil Company. Time has spread a mantle of forgiveness over it because of the wisdom, the humanity with which John Rockefeller, Jr. has administered his great wealth. But the fact is it was the growth of such organizations as Standard Oil during the period from 1878 to 1890 which shocked the conscience of humanity and brought about the antagonism to great aggregations of capital which found expression in the Sherman Law of 1890 and in the subsequent attitude over a period of twenty years toward big business. It wasn't so much antagonism to great wealth.

MR. MORRIS. They like it. They want it themselves.

MR. KENT. Have we ever had any evidence that these people in whom you have such touching faith revolt and react against corruption in parties and in public men?

MR. MORRIS. Oh yes.

MR. WICKERSHAM. What defeated James G. Blaine for the Presidency?

MR. KENT. I was thinking of the Harding administration. You know and I know that the people did not get excited about it, Mr. Wickersham. It is all very well to say Coolidge was an honest man and we were prosperous and they didn't revolt against the Republican party, but our whole theory, the basic belief everybody has had in politics from time immemorial, to wit, that when the party in power is caught red-handed with the goods it is punished by the people at the next election — that didn't hold good. The people were not even shocked; they just were not excited about it. They were too interested in automobiles and clothes and movies and sports and making money and having a good time to care whether the Harding administration was corrupt or was not corrupt. They just did not revolt. You see it time and again.

MR. MORRIS. I think we all, every one of us, suffered from the results of the extravagance of those good times and the terrible

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reaction and let-down from the strain and idealism of the War. I am not contending that they are all supermen, that they are not responsive to reactions of that kind, and that there are not periods of depressed morality and carelessness and thoughtlessness when people have money to spend and are enjoying themselves, just as we all do as individuals. What I am contending is that when they come to think it over, as I believe they are now thinking it over (hence this extraordinary quiet you speak of) all that responsibility is going to be accumulated. They are going to make a general decision in which that will be taken into account. When it comes, it will be seen by us in somebody who has been able to express it and we will call him the leader. He might be an Owen Young. He might come from labor — but that is almost the weakest point. Or it might be some political leader who is elected governor of a state and suddenly emerges. Recall how quickly Cleveland came out of the mass, as it were, well as he was known and able as he was, during that reform movement that started with Tilden and culminated in Cleveland.

MR. ADAMS. I agree that labor is very weak as far as any leadership is concerned. We certainly can discard the intellectuals, who would never follow either the politician or the business man. It seems to me much more likely that the leader will be a politician than a business man, for two reasons. In the first place, the politician, if he is good, will see the problems of the nation as a whole, which your business man cannot. The second reason is that business has become so discredited I don't think people are likely to follow a business leader.

MR. KENT. Why can't the business man become a politician, if that is the ideal thing?

MR. ADAMS. He will have to chuck his job first.

MR. KENT. That is what he ought to do and what he wants to do. After a man has made a great success in business, has made all the money he can possibly need for himself or his dependents and the mere piling up of more millions has ceased to mean anything to him, if he still has his wealth and isn't aged and isn't dissipated and has too much sense to want to play and idle, there just isn't anything else in life for him except some sort of public service and honor. I think a very considerable proportion of men of that type would like to get into politics.

MR. WICKERSHAM. But they haven't any political sense.

MR. KENT. That is it. They do not know how to get in and they are afraid they would lose and they sit back and say, "I wouldn't take the best office in the world if it were handed to me on a silver platter," which is absurd. They would grab it.

MR. WICKERSHAM. How many do you know who would take the trouble to take their coats off and go down in a primary and fight for a nomination?

MR. KENT. They want the thing handed to them, but they want it just the same.

MR. MORRIS. I sympathize with the prejudice that exists against the man who has had nothing but business experience, who has been a sort of supreme dictator in the field of business under business methods, when he attempts to enter public life.

Where my hope is — and I have seen plenty of evidence for it, just in my own limited field — is in the number of young men who have come to me in the last eight or nine years, just because I have been active in politics in a party way, and asked me how they could start. Their fathers had left them fairly well off. There are hundreds of those boys coming from our colleges to-day, and they are becoming very keen about it.

MR. WICKERSHAM. I am greatly disappointed that more of them have not got into public life.

MR. MORRIS. Certainly they are getting a start. You go to Washington and you will find a dozen assistant secretaries and men in under positions who are young. You can find them in every legislature, three or four in our Senate, and a few in our House. You can find them in the counties, and they are moving up. I think they will be the best we will have, because they will be free from that intense love that a man who has created a fortune has for the thing he created. Look at Longworth. Take Roosevelt himself. We have always had a few. All I contend is, we are getting more and more.

MR. ADAMS. Whether big business has deserved to be discredited or not, we are going to have more business in politics in the future. That is to say, the problems of politics will

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be very closely bound up with economic problems.

MR. WICKERSHAM. Inevitably so.

MR. ADAMS. Those economic problems are extraordinarily complicated problems to-day and they are going to become more so. They will be much harder problems for the ordinary citizen to make up his mind about sanely and to cast his vote for wisely. It is much easier, for example, to decide whether this country should be free, slave, or half slave than it is to decide just how the income of our economic system is to be divided or what sort of Federal Reserve system we ought to have. Those things the people are not going to understand, nor our relations with foreign countries, which our foreign commerce is going to develop.

If those are the problems of politics in the future, you have two questions: first, what kind of men are going to be our politicians who will have to handle those complicated and difficult questions, and second, what kind of electorate are you going to have to decide them?

MR. WICKERSHAM. Yet, starting in 1900, we have had more and more economic legislation — workmen's compensation acts, a succession of acts regulating industry, and so on, all economic in their content. On the whole we have not achieved perfection, but we have made great progress.

MR. ADAMS. Do you think the electorate is going to be capable of judging those problems?

MR. WICKERSHAM. The electorate has been capable of accepting, and here and there out of all this mass of legislators there is a highly competent man who gets the confidence of his fellows. There are men in Congress who have been there for years in important positions, chairmanships, *etc.*, working out carefully, intelligently, with the aid of the best men in the country, very efficient legislation. You would be surprised to go over it and see the result. You would be surprised to find the confidence some of those men enjoy in the House.

Jim Parker, now Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, enjoying a full confidence of the House, brings in or opposes a bill and the House almost always takes what he says. Those are the men. It is like the great mass of the Civil Service, the unheralded, unrecognized people who are there in season and out of season, who develop a capacity and knowledge and command of the subject that somehow or other makes itself felt. It is men like that who are going to be the salvation of future legislation. More and more, when you get economic legislation of any complexity, the legislative bodies turn with respect to the man whom they recognize as having mastered the subject and who is proposing something which they are satisfied is going to redound to the credit of everybody if it is approved.

MR. MORRIS. When we had only those simpler issues of agricultural life, the people themselves were living a simple life. To-day every man in the United States is living a very complex life. He is in touch with almost all these economic problems in his immediate surroundings. He goes to the spigot to draw water from the reservoir. He turns a switch to draw electricity from the power plant. He is in touch with the whole mechanism of industry. He is the consumer they talk about. He is watching it only as it affects him, it is true, but the light that will shed on the great problem is simply immeasurable, because the aggregate of that will tell you really what is happening, which seldom any individual can master.

MR. WICKERSHAM. Since we are agreed that the concerns of the government in the future are going to be increasingly economic, don't you think there is danger that the government will tend to try to control and operate industry?

MR. MORRIS. I think there is more danger that the government will have to move over to the National Chamber of Commerce. In other words, that the industrial machine will tend to dominate the government, just as the Roman conquerors took over the Republic.

MR. WICKERSHAM. That is where statesmanship is going to be required — to prevent the government from getting in too far. Government operation is always less effective than private operation of industries, for various reasons, and I think most people in this country realize that. It is a very wholesome attitude, and the only way in which it can be destroyed is through excessive greed and blindness on the part of those charged with the private control of great industries and public utilities which might convince the people that the only way they can get any justice is by bagging the whole thing.

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What Germany Really Wants

by **GEORGE N. SHUSTER**

GERMANY these days seems a huge, disquieting roar, as of horns and trumpets out of key. It is a confederation of seventeen states which not even economic distress can unify. A people split into twenty-seven wrangling political parties, five labor organizations suspicious of one another, three mutually hostile churches. A public which subscribes to 3370 daily newspapers, every one of which knows positively that it is right and that none other is. A nation, above all, which is seemingly unable to approve of its form of government and just as unable to decide upon a different form. The range of ideas from Hitler to Communism is as wide as the keyboard of a thundering organ. Small wonder, then, that even patriotic Germans should think of themselves as belonging to a numerous and astonishingly persistent gathering of Kilkenny cats.

The recent presidential election, led up to and necessitated by extreme nationalistic opposition to the Bruening government, was if anything less chaotic than such events usually are in the Reich. There were only two minority candidates, and the issue was relatively simple: should it be dictatorial radicalism or the Republic? In the same way it was a battle between contrasting personalities — between Paul von Hindenburg, soldier and president, and Adolf Hitler, dreamer with a marvelous gift of gab. The Republic won clearly, if not decisively. Strange things happen nowadays, but as I write it seems absolutely certain that the run-off will eliminate Hitler as a serious contender for the Presidency.

And yet, what a queer army this was which carried von Hindenburg to victory! Millions who voted for him in 1926 turned this time to opposition candidates, and it was his foes of yore — Socialists, Democrats, and Catholics — who for the nonce buried their mutual hatchets in behalf of the nation's constitution. Too much credit cannot be given the German moderate parties for this vigorous decision to stand for a common cause. If the extremist parties could have united their forces, Germany would by this time have entered a new social and political era. Almost anything you like can still happen if the supporters of the Republic fail to maintain a coalition distasteful to many of them.

But though this is an accurate picture, we must not forget that pictures do focus. Germany is not simply equivalent to disagreement. As a whole it wants certain things very badly. These things happen also to be the nation's basic concerns. Germany has arrived at conclusions which are more clearly seen and more heartily endorsed by the entire population than are any similar conclusions in any other country, *but* the methods by which these are to be expressed in terms of real life are under the fiercest kind of debate.

There is a Rhenish proverb to the effect that all good things come in threes. At any rate, there are three basic German issues.

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First, war debts and reparations — the whole subject matter of the Dawes and Young Plans — are viewed as unjust and unpayable. On this point there is no disagreement whatsoever, though Americans do not always realize it. When, for example, Chancellor Bruening declared, in a recent memorandum, that payments under the Young Plan had ceased forever, his statement was widely interpreted as a concession to the Hitler point of view. Yet it was no such thing. In April, 1931, I talked at length with Dr. Bruening. What he said to me was in perfect accord with what he had been telling the Reichstag since 1927, and it was this: the German people must prove to the world that the payments exacted under the Young Plan are unjust and impossible; and this proof having been offered, the German people possess the right to expect world-wide recognition of the facts. To-day the Chancellor merely holds that two years of economic catastrophe, as analyzed in such summaries as the Basle report, have completed the demonstration to the last dotted *i*.

Thus his statement involves no inconsistency, no concession to Hitler. It is merely the product of a different method. From the beginning — that is, 1919 — the thesis of injustice and unpayableness has stood firm, though the practical measures decided upon by varying Chancellors have differed. Wirth believed in inflation; Cuno in passive resistance; Stresemann in diplomacy; Mueller in "prosperity," as a reliable modern cure-all for economic ills; Bruening in business and financial facts; Hitler in active resistance. The Communists, in the terrain they have roped off outside the political pale, have held that since international indebtedness is inherent in the capitalist system, the remedy must be smashing that system.

"We Cannot Pay"

If we now try to analyze the unanimous German verdict on war debts, we shall find:

That no German believes his country obligated in justice to pay sums borrowed from the United States by the former Allied governments.

That the unpayableness of the Young Plan annuities is considered an evident and incontrovertible fact.

In so far as the obligation to pay is concerned, all Germany clings to the following convictions: the terms upon which the Armistice was signed stated only that the Germans were to make good the damages incurred by the civilian populations of the victorious powers; but the theory upon which the present so-called "tribute system" is based is the contention, embedded in the Versailles Treaty but not assented to by the Reich, that the German Imperial Government alone was responsible for the outbreak of the war in 1914. It is held (a) that the German people have already paid as much as 50 per cent more than liberal Allied estimates of damages inflicted, and (b) that the thesis of war guilt is no longer subscribed to even by competent historians in the countries which won the war. As a consequence an acute feeling of injustice — a bitter resentment of having been made the goat under a veil of idealistic phrases about the rights of man — characterizes, in greater or lesser degree, every German citizen.

The proof of unpayableness is quite direct and simple. By 1924, the Germans aver, Continental schemes for pumping money out of their country had visibly failed. The Ruhr invasion had turned out disastrously for the French themselves, but had completely paralyzed Germany the victim. Inflation of the currency threw the economic and fiscal structure of the Reich into unparalleled disarray. Then, having seen the ghost of wholesale European bankruptcy, Great Britain and the United States hurried to the rescue. The Dawes Plan, which eventually became the Young Plan, was signed.

What others had been unable to do, America now attempted. Credit in huge volume was poured into the veins of German industry; the greatest transfusion of financial blood on record was ordered by Dr. Dawes and his associates. For a time the patient seemingly recovered. But was the operation a success? The German verdict is that American treatment left the sufferer almost worse off than he was before. Moneys borrowed by industries, municipalities, and governments to offset the drain of resources through the reparations sieve were decoyed to Germany by an exceedingly high rate of interest, which tended to grow still higher once the cream had been skimmed off surplus American wealth. When the final moment of strain came (possibly not until the

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collapse of the Austrian *Creditanstalt* during June, 1931, but very probably as early as the flotation of the Young Plan Loan), the whole credit structure was sent toppling in a heap.

Again, the Dawes idea stressed the development of German earning power. But the creditor nation — the United States — more and more resolutely curtailed German earning power by closing its own markets and by not aiding in the search for others. German export surpluses, therefore, can now be built up only by throttling the domestic market, which means starving the German laborer. Finally, a great deal of the borrowed money was used to develop industries dependent upon the artificial, abnormally high price level which prevailed from 1925 to 1929. They cannot operate under existing conditions.

All of this means that the German sees his country as a nation without credit, without earning power, and without normal expectancy of industrial success. But he does not, at heart, think that matters will continue to be as bad as they now are. He is, has always been, proudly aware of his industry and self-sacrifice. What he expects to get is a chance to harness this energy and this frugality to some purpose which has a promise of success. Young Hitlerite idealists naturally interpret this expectation in terms of nationalist emotion. To a certain extent their logic is excellent. If the Bruening idea fails ignominiously, the Germans will doubtless see no alternative to active resistance. But even now there exists everywhere a great, deep, silent hope that the Bruening idea will not fail — that America will distinguish between an investment of billions that can be paid and a levy that is out of the question. But naturally I am not solving the problem, or even stating it. I am simply trying to outline the universal German point of view.

"We Want an Economic Outlet"

The second of the three fundamental issues is the fact that when the German thinks of his country's future, he invariably looks forward to a time when the territorial losses suffered at Versailles will be regained in part.

Though much patriotic sentiment has been lavished throughout the Reich on such "blows of fortune" as the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France, the average German is anything but chauvinistic. He is too poor to afford such luxurious emotions. His attention is fixed rather on the circumstance that a nation like his, which depends for its very life on industrial centers of great magnitude and complexity, must remember that its wealth resulted from its fortunate geographic position as the gateway to south-central and eastern Europe, and then realize that this same position has been gravely impaired by the present disposition of the eastern frontier. And so he insists, with impressive unanimity, on certain territorial changes.

The problem, therefore, is not primarily one of German-Polish antithesis. It is true that Warsaw's subservience to France and its alleged disregard for the rights of minorities have angered and inflamed large sections of the German public. Nevertheless the fundamental desire of the Reich is simply *to reach the East.*

This wish has been thwarted by Poland in two ways. The "corridor" west of Danzig severs the main block of German productive territory from the Prussian East, and from the East generally. Secondly, the constant threat offered by Polish hussars is a blow at German prestige, and a reason why there can be no peace along the weird boundary line drawn from the Baltic to the tip of Silesia. This entire region is, perhaps, the saddest place on earth — sad not only because of futile and fatuous displays of militaristic feeling, but also and primarily because opportunities for the creation of human well-being are lost on every square inch of ground. Even so Germany as a whole fully understands that modern Poland is a fact with which it and the world must come to terms. What it wants is first, recovery of the "corridor" and of Danzig to an extent permitting free and uninterrupted communication with East Prussia and the regions beyond, and second, a revision of the Polish boundary in general, less with a view to regaining lost territory than with the object of lifting the veritable state of siege which this boundary, as now drawn, imposes.

The crux of the German eastern problem is, however, the fate of Austria. This little country is the only possible abettor of Germany's industrial and cultural effort in south-eastern Europe and Near Asia, as these are constituted at present. It is even possible to argue that the entire future of Teutonic commerce on the Continent depends upon the extent to which

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Austrian coöperation is assured. That France should continue to block all moves to effect an increase in this coöperation is, to my mind, even more important than French insistence upon reparations payments. At any rate, it is this which all Germany most deeply resents and fears.

Here again, the objective is clear though the squabble about methods is unending. Yet even these are now more clearly visualized than was the case some years ago. Whether, for example, the formula of union with Austria should be an outright merger (*Anschluss*) or a customs-union is, as things are, less important than the realization that the route from Berlin to Vienna lies through Prague and that, therefore, historical disagreements with Czecho-Slovakia must be forgotten in the interests of European development. But of course it is French refusal to budge which occasions the supreme difficulties, impelling some Germans to dream of ultimate reconciliation with Gaul and enraging others into futile thoughts of dividing the said Gaul into three parts. At any rate it is now clear that the crisis in Central and Southern Europe is the result of fence-building rather than of tax-collecting, and that a program of reconstruction cannot ignore either.

"We Want *Eine Stelle*"

The third fundamental German issue is the citizen's thought of his future as an individual. What will his status be?

Before the war, there was a German middle class. To-day there is none. Unemployment, virtually unknown prior to 1914, has knocked at the doors of even the staunchest families; nearly the whole of the old imperial indebtedness, owed for the most part to German citizens, was virtually wiped out by 1925, through a write-off roughly equivalent to a tax levy of 75 per cent on the property held by one-third of the population. A handful of figures makes what has happened so evident that I shall repeat them here:

35,000,000 Germans work for a living.

26,000,000 Germans depend on someone else for their work.

2,000,000 Germans are normally out of work.

5,000,000 Germans have been thrown out of work by the depression.

60,000,000 Germans — roughly, the population — have pocketbooks drained by the national indebtedness and the national program of welfare work.

There are many hundreds of differing reactions to these figures. To some they argue for a dictatorship. Others see them as omens of oncoming Communism. For still others, they are just facts more exasperating than mosquitoes. But I believe there is one common response to them.

Every German who contemplates economic and social realities wants what can only be described with a German word — *eine Stelle*. This means more than a job. It stands for something akin to an "appointment" — a post which, be it ever so humble, carries with it a peculiar kind of guarantee. First of all, it implies permanence; second, it must bear the stamp of a certain dignity, conferred by recognition of the given person's fitness; third, it must involve a modicum of economic security. Such is the attitude developed by recent years of hard experience.

Let us see a little of what it means. Despite the growth of Communism as an opposition movement — which as recently as 1930 kept me and countless other observers in suspense — the German has now abundantly demonstrated that he does not want Sovietism. Bolshevism failed signally at the recent election, but it had waned noticeably. The business of pouring all the earnings into one huge hat and then doling them out again does not appeal to him. Because it grasped this truth before cautious intellectualists had reasoned it out, Hitlerism could flourish.

The German wants to be himself. He wants to wear a label proudly, even though it be conferred on him quite modestly in the ranks of men with similar labels, even though he gets it only by belonging to a workers' organization or by retiring to a tiny farm. But at the same time his collective experience makes him demand that society as a whole underwrite his label. The pension idea has become a German fetish. Honest wages must not cease merely because one is old and worn out. A man's children are entitled to a dwelling, and to a playground, however meager his income may be. The individual has a duty to the state. But on the other hand he also has a right to his individuality.

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Grasp what this means and you possess, I think, the key to the modern German social outlook. Your Münchener is not concerned, as every New Yorker is, with the "raise." It will be many years before he resumes thinking, as the Frenchman invariably does, about the income from savings which is to render his old age a halcyon period of counting pennies as they are spent. But he wants *eine Stelle*, with all it involves.

Of course the tragedy is that Germany is so many miles removed from the power to grant the citizen's plea. Millions out of work — so many destitute, hopeless, pitiable millions! It is therefore not surprising that furious argument about the road which will lead to the goal should flavor all contemporary German thought and writing. There are dozens of recipes, dozens of nostrums. But out of this frustrated, puzzled, frequently heartbroken desire, national unity on the issues affecting German destiny springs like a fountain from underground streams.

No doubt of it. Under the lash of defeat, the people of Goethe have grown singularly appealing to the conscience of the world. A Germany which controlled Europe would be as little to one's taste as any other power in control. Likewise a Germany which suddenly resolved to "blow up" would shower us all with catastrophies. But just now the spectacle of a fatherland struggling to rend its fetters is wonderfully inspiring despite its tragedy and profoundly moving even though desperately chaotic — a tribute to man and a challenge to his moral insight.

Spinster Factories

Why I Would Not Send a Daughter to College

by **WILLIS J. BALLINGER**

THE FEMINIST has proved nothing. We have flooded the business world with women — true. But are they there of their own choosing? The feminist would like to think so. As a matter of fact, the ladies of commercial cerebration are with us not from any free choice in the matter, but from the operation of powerful economic forces that happened to swing into action at the same time that the tongue of the feminist cut loose on the nursery and family life. The feminist has merely mistaken her eloquence for an evolution that would have swept wildly on whether she shrilled or remained dumb.

Years ago, our grandmothers were living in small communities. Here the rôle of woman was to complement the work of man in the economic struggle. Marriage was rooted in an order where the economic independence of the sexes was forbidden. It was natural, inevitable, highly desirable. Then came the breakdown of these little self-sufficing communities. The railroad was the first really great feminist. It introduced modern business. In its wake followed swiftly the exodus of household tasks into the factory. The old planned economy between the sexes was broken up. In its place — the sexless wage system. The door was now wide open for an inevitable entrance of women into business and the professions.

To-day the historic contentions of feminism are as unvindicated as they were when they were first proposed. The old issue is still unsolved — is a woman happier in a home or in business? Now there is only one way to settle the controversy and that is to make a real choice possible. At present the educational plants of our women's colleges and the disor-

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dered state of our individualistic society are precluding any free choice in the matter. They are booming spinsterhood, encouraging marriage failures, ordaining a bitter and senseless feud between the sexes. According to statistics given out by the colleges themselves, of the class of 1927 at Bryn Mawr — now five years out of college — only 41 per cent are married. Of those graduated in the same year at Vassar and Smith, only 47 per cent and 46 per cent, respectively, are now married.

At this point someone might interpose, "But our old maids are happy." I doubt that. Some have confessed. At one time I thought of canvassing scores of spinsters and bustling myself down to Congress with empirical evidence that legislation should take note of this senseless drift of affairs. But I soon discovered that it is not easy to get a woman to admit that she has been made a fool of by her education or the world. Not even a self-respecting chimpanzee would for a moment admit that an arboreal existence was anything but the most desired of all states. If we have forced large numbers of our women to walk on their hands, it is only natural for them to stick up for hand-walking, to rationalize its absurdities, to write and talk about the grandeur of the mental life, the comforts of financial independence from some brute of a male, and to diligently recruit their numbers on the sound principle that the abnormal can be made normal, nay sublimated into a holy credo — if it has sufficient numbers behind it.

Even should my quest for affidavits have honestly proved that a woman can be happy without marriage, the issue could not have rested there. A Chinese woman who has had her feet bandaged for years, taught by taboo and ritual that her place is in the home and surrounded by a social system that makes it impossible for her to do otherwise, has about the same freedom to choose a business career as our modern spinsters have to elect marriage. Would the Chinese woman have been happier in the world or would our old maids have been happier in a home? Until our women are freed from coercion in the matter, the feminist will win the contest by default. When our women's colleges will put before a young girl, as attractively as possible, the choice of a career in marriage or business, when these colleges will have supplied some leadership for making marriage respectable, desirable, and as worthwhile as science and intelligence can make it, when we will have set up the social machinery for organizing the at present disorganized laws of supply and demand as they relate to locating wives and husbands — feminism will be ready for the social museum. We will have a magnificent renaissance of marriage. The future of the institution will be thrilling. And if we don't, feminism will make the same glorious progress in America as the cult of bandaged feet did in China, and for similar reasons.

Why don't so many of our educated women marry? There are four good reasons. First, the educational process through which they pass misleads many of them into thinking that cerebration is all there is to happiness. So far as I am concerned, I had just as soon see human beings tossed to the crocodiles on the banks of the Ganges as exposed to this fate. It builds up devilish inhibitions against the flesh. It makes domestic life repugnant. The student overstocks with brains, disenfranchises normal, legitimate pleasures of the sense. Secondly, so many of our educated women are physically and socially unattractive. This too is to be laid directly at the door of their education. Thirdly, there is the contribution that the faculties of our women's colleges make to celibacy. The impressionable young girl is plunged into an atmosphere in which her guardians — those whom she must look up to — are so often the apostles of dull and narrow living. Finally, the college graduate may be willing to marry, even physically acceptable, and yet in the jumbled world that lies outside the campus she may be in the position of a commodity that cannot make contact with the other side of the market.

It is more and more apparent to me that courtship in the future will require a marketing technique. More than one hundred thousand women at present seek the services of marriage bureaus. But these are very bold women — women who refuse to let notions of respectability condemn them to celibacy. Goodness knows how many conventional women there are who would like to marry but who cannot locate a mate any more than our jobless men can find jobs in our labyrinthic individualism. We must make it possible for men and women to find one another. Perhaps this will mean a national marriage bureau, or the appointment bureaus of our colleges may accept the challenge.

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What Is "Education"?

What can be done about all this? First we must start with our women's colleges and with the word "education." We educate as we do because the word is interpreted by professional school masters, and is unchallenged by intelligent laymen.

When is a person educated? Ingersoll used to say that a savage who knew the lore of the wood, the haunts of the animals, the tricks of the fishes, was educated. That is a good way to look at the matter. Isn't it simply the acquisition of knowledge that can be used to make us happy? A man who takes lessons from a golf instructor and learns to play a good game may be better educated from this effort than a student who is forced through a course in higher mathematics. Now a golf teacher may not be called a "scholar," but what we call "scholars" may not be educated. I think Culbertson is as much an educator as any academic economist I have ever seen (perhaps much better, if the amount of happiness that each makes available is to be compared). But no professor I have ever known would for a moment concede that Professor Culbertson should be added to any faculty. Why? The trouble is that our college curricula have been under the spell of twin evils: first, the tradition of education for the bloodless, the ascetic; second, ascetic teachers who have insured the perpetuation of the tradition.

Education began in a cloister. The curse of its origin is still upon it. For years education has been concerned more about dry moral codes than intelligent, robust living. The body has been looked upon as a sort of decaying casket in which was placed first a gem called the soul, then a jewel called the mind. The nearer rotten the casket, the more brilliant the jewels. For hundreds of years education has championed the mind or the soul as its supreme end.

Now I believe in the "thinking body." Not all of our thinking is from the cranium down. A lot of it comes upward from the body. And it is as foolish to suppose that as part of developing the mind the body should be subdued as it is to think that the body should be developed by stifling the mind. If we are really worried about carnal excess, we must teach the body to think intelligently. The citadel of the devil to-day is in robust bodies whose energy we make no scientific effort to regulate.

But contempt for the flesh is still vigorous in our women's colleges. Not so long ago I attended a faculty meeting in one of them. The purpose of the meeting was to define the end of education. A grand old maid rose menacingly. "The purpose of education," she rasped, "is to cultivate rational sensitivity." And her antiquarianism brought beams of approval. If I hadn't sensed the futility of arguing with hermits about the glories of the world, I would have suggested that her conception of education and that of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages differed only in its kind of asceticism. Both renounced the flesh. One worshiped the soul, the other cerebration pure and dull. And each philosophy in our living world of to-day is drier than sawdust.

It is a terrible thing when this ascetic tradition of education gets a grip on a young girl, when she thinks that the fulfillment of life is to dedicate herself to something far removed from the senses, when she falls into the accursed trap of overdoing her mind at the expense of the rest of her. I have seen so many blindly walking to such an ugly fate, preparing themselves to run on one cylinder when they ought to be hitting on ten. One observes them boning their heads off in the library, filling their notebooks with zealous faith in the magic happiness of higher mathematics, putting all their efforts into an enlarged cranium, developing a fanatical pride in and a contempt for anything less magnificent than a life of acute mentality, sterilizing their bodies from normal activities, scoffing at such puerile pursuits as dancing or "boy friends," flitting around in sorry little groups of two or three. They are a tragic lot. Nature is a heartless architect. The foundation for happiness must be laid in youth. The Chinese woman who has had her feet dwarfed in youth cannot enjoy dancing when she finally sees through the absurdities of the bandages.

To get out of this trap, so deliberately laid to catch the body, it is not enough that we rewrite the purpose of education. We must cope with the enemy from within. I mean the personalities of our teachers. They are almost invariably dull livers. With few exceptions they champion and abet the dull order that now exists in education. I wish fathers

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and mothers of girls could sit in on faculty meetings at the college where they have offered their offspring to be instructed. I wish they could know intimately the teachers who run our educational system. Normal people would shun them. Only behind the battlements of education are they protected — nay, venerated.

It is all too obvious to me. If we want education to champion better living, it is not enough to tack up the new policy; we must entrust that policy to teachers who are better livers themselves. Otherwise that old strategy of Bourbonism will be invoked — a revolution accepted in principle but denied in operation.

Now I say let's stop making education a gigantic swindle against life. Let's make the activities of the flesh respectable. I believe that the world wants robust living. Therefore, let's stop obstructing it and make that kind of living as safe and joyous as possible. So few people know what it is to live. They merely succeed in postponing death. Without appetites, without passions, without struggles of the heart, they slowly rot in waveless pools.

Whether we like it or not, we have on our hands a perilous philosophy of titillation. The body has come into its own. Shall we control the emotions, or shall we try to dam them up by four years' ascetic reveries in college only to have the graduate discover to her sorrow her misfitness in the world outside of college? Shouldn't we make some vigorous effort to furnish intelligent leadership to this recognized cult of the senses and, by scientific methods, to check its obvious excesses?

Learning to Live

I have often amused myself by imagining that I had the power, like some educational Mussolini, to lay violent hands on the curriculum of just one of our women's colleges. What would I do?

I would begin with the faculty. Gently but firmly I would push out those whose personalities and educational ideals were not in sympathy with the well-rounded life. A Ph.D. would not be sufficient for successful teaching. I would deliberately break down all the old faculty environment that was influencing young natures into artificial channels of life.

Then I would advance on a very important problem in the dormitories. We have far too many dateless girls. They gravitate into celibate ideals from neglect. I don't believe in the dateless woman. And I would set up a system that would cut down her numbers. In the first place, no woman's college should be isolated from a reasonable supply of high-grade males. The old maids or well-intentioned pious gentlemen who founded our women's colleges paid little attention to the part that geography should play in preparing students for life. Having located the college next door to eligible gentlemen, I would set up house committees in each dormitory whose business it would be to prevent the unnoticed woman from crawling into her shell and taking the intellectual veil. It would be part of the business of the college to break up, as far as would be reasonably possible, the development of abnormal sex reactions.

The existing curriculum would not be abolished. It would be merely condensed, compressed. We have far too many courses in history, in economics, in social and natural science. They could all be abridged without any cultural or scientific loss. I could to-morrow work out two courses in economics that would give all that was valuable to know and eliminate the endless dragging out of the science as taught at present. If a student wanted to become an expert in any field, that would be her privilege in the graduate school.

A department of cosmetics and beauty culture should be created. Women use make-up. Why not do it as artistically as possible? A woman who graduated with competent knowledge of how to take care of her face and hair and how to make herself appear as attractive as possible would take out into life with her training that would, it seems to me, be as advantageous as her grasp of geo-synclines. There should be a professor of style. Every effort would be made to show girls how to dress as becomingly and as æsthetically as possible.

There should be a professor of etiquette. A diploma would be withheld for bad manners or a deficiency in the social graces as much as for not understanding the economic law of diminishing returns. There should also be a professor of bridge, since this social accomplishment is so obviously a part of our cultural life. The course would be elective. Above all, music should be required. A student should

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be trained to be reasonably proficient on some musical instrument. No music — no diploma.

The theatrical art, with its technique for making kings and queens out of the slouchy, the negligent in carriage and bearing, should be more widely cultivated on the campus. A department of dancing would be maintained. The saddest plight of the old maid is her inability to participate in the world of pleasure. If a student couldn't make a reasonable tour of the ballroom, I would regard her as deficient in education. And I believe that a college should bear the cost of one good dance a week for the students.

It is no use saying that these activities should be taken up by the students outside of the college. The point is that they aren't. And if they were, could they be as successfully accomplished? Why not argue that mathematics should be pursued in the same way? Why is it that mathematics and astronomy are under the tent of education and these matters on the outside? Because education has always been a one-sided cultivation of the individual, because mind has always been more important than the body.

I would drive on vigorously to the heart of the problem of the intellectual woman who sees in domestic routine the prostitution of her mind. I would make home-making the last word in intelligence. Dr. Esther Loring Richards, noted psychiatrist of the Phipps Clinic of Johns Hopkins Hospital and authority on child raising, says that motherhood in America is a joke. That joke should be quickly ended. A thorough training in child psychology and guidance should be compulsory. In the dangerous field of the sexual life, the services of mature, practical physicians should be secured. Above all, they should be doctors who have had a lot of practical experience, and they should be preferably in the middle years of life. All the young teachers of sex in our colleges should be chased out. Usually they are repressed anæmics who exploit the situation. They are more audacious than instructive. Experienced, practical, mature physicians would quiet just fears of fathers and mothers. Sex must be taught. All the hue and cry about it being taught would subside if parents knew that their daughters were under the instruction of an experienced physician in these delicate matters.

Education in our women's colleges must take quick note of the enormously useful field of dietetics. How many people eat intelligently? Ask any expert on this subject and he will declare that this is just another joke on good living. Part of intelligent motherhood would certainly be a sound knowledge of food chemistry. And surely there is as good and interesting an opportunity to use a mind here as can be found in any commercial job. Incidentally, many a husband's irritability may be due to the board provided by his spouse.

Why not a good course in interior decorating — compulsory, too? Here is a magnificent field. How much of a happy home is due to the attractiveness of that home? Science knows a lot already about the science of color, but this useful information has not been put to work. We know what colors attract buyers to a window. No doubt there are colors that will aid in keeping husbands at home! Perhaps there are colors that encourage friction between the members of a family. Many a domestic quarrel may be due to silent but powerful irritations attacking the order of Hymen, from wall paper to rug, lamp shade, dress, or suit. A noted divorce judge once remarked that many a home could have been saved by better ventilation. A closed window is often as effective a provoker of a quarrel as sharp words. A little scientific understanding of the thermometer and the science of atmosphere might take the acidity out of many a woman's tongue. Surely this vast and looming field of color atmosphere and sound, and their reactions on human beings, should be studied. Conquering our environment should include a conquest of all outer forces that can be harnessed for our benefit.

In married life, women do most of the banking. They do the buying. They have a lot to say about the location of a home and real estate. About these activities could be built some very sound and useful courses in economics.

If education in our women's colleges were redirected along these lines — I have merely sketched the revolution — neither feminists nor mothers could complain. We should have happier marriages, and more of them. And if a woman deliberately chose spinsterhood, I am sure that she would be a happier old maid than the kind we are turning out to-day.

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Going to the Fourth

Drawings by James Daugherty

by **DORA AYDELOTTE**

PA SAID more than once, "Now, you work good, and mebbe we'll all go to the Fourth."

So you got up early and weeded the veg'table patch. You gathered up the eggs, fed the chickens. You drove the cows home from pasture. You helped Ma in the kitchen — washing dishes, peeling potatoes, stirring batter in a huge bowl, churning until your thin arms ached. And Ma would encourage you with, "That's right. You help good and mebbe Pa'll take us to the Fourth."

"Going to the Fourth" was a dazzling dream, a glorious adventure. You watched the weather anxiously. Rain on that day of days would be sheer calamity. You couldn't quite forget that dismal Fourth when it had rained for hours. You wept in woe until Ma, pestered to death by your whining around, made you sit down by yourself in the front room a long time.

The night of the third was still and hot — so still that even the big maple by the house didn't stir and whisper to itself. Pa was sitting in the barrel-stave hammock, smoking his pipe. You went out and asked if he thought it would rain. He squinted up at the sky, all bright with stars, and said, "Oh, I guess we'll have nice weather."

Joyfully you went to the kitchen where Ma was still at work. The others — Bill, Jimmie, and your little sister, Minnie — had gone to bed right after supper. But you wanted to stay up and help. The big cookstove sent out waves of sultry heat. Ma had baked bread that day. She had made an amazing number of cakes and pies. A boiled ham was cooling on the table. A big roast of beef stood beside it. Ma was frying chicken in two huge iron skillets. Your little nose sniffed ecstatically. "Can I do anything?" you asked.

Ma turned around from the stove, pushing back a lock of wet hair from her perspiring forehead. Tall, angular figure in faded blue calico. Thin, sallow face. Thin lips not given to much smiling. Tired, kindly gray eyes. Dark hair strained back from her forehead, twisted into a tight, hard knot on top of her head.

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Your eagerness must have touched that weary woman. She found the grace to smile as she told you to run on to bed.

You climbed the stairs to that stifling little room under the eaves where you and Minnie slept. You got out your "best" clothes. Black buttoned shoes with spring heels. Black cotton stockings. White ruffled petticoats. Stiffly starched white dress, with tucks in the skirt so it could be let down. Straw sailor with a blue band. Everything spread out grandly on a chair by your bed. In bed, your hand stroked lovingly the crisp folds of that white dress. . . .

You leaped from bed as Pa called, "Git up, Barbry — all of ye!" Roosters were crowing valiantly. Dogs barked. A wagon went rattling by. You washed and dressed in a happy flurry. You buttoned little Minnie's shoes, braided her hair, silky and soft as yellow corn "tossels," tied it with a blue ribbon.

Your shoes squeaked delightfully as you ran downstairs. Breakfast was waiting on the long table in the kitchen. A fat milk pitcher with two blue stripes encircling its portliness. A tin coffee pot, its snout steaming fragrantly. Thick, stubby goblets, thick white stoneware plates and cups. Knives and forks with bone handles, pewter spoons. Fried eggs, fried ham, fried potatoes, hot biscuits, apple butter, pear preserves.

Pa said, "Go on and eat. I already asked the blessing." You gazed at him with admiration verging upon awe. He did look grand in his Sunday-go-to-meeting black suit. Pa was a big man. He had big black eyes and black hair, and the longest black mustache. He was drinking coffee out of the mustache cup you gave him for Christmas. Ed, the hired man, gulped hot coffee from his saucer. He was all dressed up in his best suit.

Ma was flying around getting the dinner ready. Everything was packed in a big wooden washtub, covered with a clean red-and-white tablecloth. After Pa and Ed carried the tub out to the wagon, they came back and Bill helped them take out the chairs. You couldn't go to the Fourth in proper style unless you sat on chairs in the back of the wagon. Some folks put down straw and spread old quilts over, but that was tacky. The two extra chairs were for Gramma and Aunt Min. You would stop by for them on the way to town.

Ma came out last, locking the back door, shooing the chickens away from the step. She had on her nice black lawn with white ruching in the collar. Her good black hat, too, with a red rose in front. Her white petticoats rustled as she climbed up to the high front seat by Pa and Jimmie. Pa jerked the lines, shouted, "Giddap there!" and the wagon rolled down the lane to the big road.

The air was fresh and cool. You smelled the sweet clover, the dewy grass. Wagons jogged in from every side road. Young men with their best girls dashed past in buggies. You wished you could go to the Fourth in some young man's shiny buggy, behind a team of prancing bay horses. Then you looked down at your hands, all sunburned and briar-scratched, and sighingly remembered your face, dotted over with fat brown freckles.

Gramma and Aunt Min came down the path as Pa drove up. Gramma had on her black calico with white dots, and her black sateen sunbonnet, and she wore black silk mitts. Aunt Min wore her white mull with lace on the ruffles. A pink bow at her neck — another pink bow on her hat. And — loveliest of all to your admiring eyes — she wore pink silk mitts. Aunt Min looked real nice. Ma said so.

As you drove into town, there was a delightful pop-pop of torpedoes on the wooden sidewalks. Firecrackers exploded sharply. Tom and Jerry snorted and rared up, but Pa held them in. Ma said, "Look at the way those fellows tried to pass us. Somebody's due to get killed, driving so fast." The dust rose in stifling, swirling clouds.

You went by a big white house, with a picket fence all around. Two little girls swung on the gate. They had lovely bangs. You wished Ma would let you wear bangs. You hated having your hair jerked back and braided in a tight pigtail. The little girls stared at you. One of them stuck out her tongue. You stuck your tongue out at her and made a snoot. Smarty — just because she lived in town!

When you got to Green's Grove it seemed like you must be the last ones there. But you looked back, and there were wagons and buggies and buckboards and men riding horseback, and some folks walking — and all coming to the Fourth! Gramma said, "Look at all them folks. I bet they's come from as far as Pickaway." Bill and Jimmie climbed out and went

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tearing off the minute Pa drove in. Aunt Min shook out her skirts and Ed helped her over the side of the wagon, and they went off together.

You wanted to hippity-hop as you started out with Minnie and Pa. It was such a grand place — flags and bunting on the stands, and boys shooting off firecrackers right under your feet to make you jump and yell. Folks were fanning and saying, "My, ain't it turned off hot?" Pa took off his coat and carried it. You got thirsty, and Pa took you to a barrel of water with a piece of ice in it and a tin cup tied on a string, and said, "Drink all you want — it's free."

You went over to the speaker's stand. The Antioch band was playing, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Then they played, "Marching Through Georgia." A fat man got up and made a speech — you didn't know what about — but everybody clapped hard and you did, too. Then Miss Sue Miggles, the red-headed old maid that gave music lessons, came switching out and played the organ. Some girls in white dresses, with red and blue sashes, sang, "On, On, Steaduly On." More speaking, more clapping. You wanted to go and have some fun. Pa told you, "Well, don't stay too long. And hold onto Minnie's hand."

Proudly you swung your shell purse, with its treasured two nickels, hoarded specially for the Fourth. And Minnie had a nickel tied up in a corner of her handkerchief. Your very first purchase was to be sody pop, but when you walked up to a stand and opened your purse, your cherished wealth was gone! You were stunned by your loss. Minnie said she'd buy the pop and you could drink it together, but you shook your head.

Minnie was starting in to cry because you wouldn't take her nickel, when Aunt Min and Ed came by. They asked what was the matter and you told them. Ed took some money out of his pocket and gave you and Minnie twenty cents apiece. You wanted to thank him, but a man who bestowed dimes so lavishly must not be hailed as Ed. You started to say, "Much obliged to you, Mr. Ah-h-" "Just call me Ed," he told you, and strolled on, Aunt Min's hand in its pink silk mitt resting lightly on his arm.

Proudly you ordered lemon pop, while Minnie got strawb'ry. Then you both got white chewing gum hearts with pictures on them, and some cocoanut candy flags, and some "lickerish."

Somebody was beating on a dishpan, so you and Minnie went running back to the wagon. Dinner was all spread out on the red-and-white tablecloth. Dishpan full of fried chicken in the middle. Platters of ham and

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beef. Dishes of pickled beets, of coleslaw, bowls of hard-boiled eggs. Cakes and pies and jelly — everything good. Gramma shooed flies away with a green branch.

Then Pa came up with some folks. Pa always went around inviting anybody that hadn't brought their dinners — town folks, mostly. Pa reached for the chicken and started passing it along. Ma said, "Just help yourselves to what there is. It ain't much, but mebbe it'll do." And the folks all told her how good it was. Of course you had to go and drop some beet juice on your dress, and get some grease from chicken on it, but you pinned your handkerchief over the worst spots and hoped Ma wouldn't notice it.

After dinner, you and Minnie went right over to the merry-go-round. It was a dazzling thing, all painted in light blue and red. An old mule went round and round the post to make it go. The man cracked his whip and shouted, "All 'board here — fi' cents a ride! Lady 'at sets with the fiddler gits to ride free!" You and Minnie sat entranced through your first ride. Minnie wanted to ride again. So did you — if you could ride with the fiddler. That had been your heart's fond wish for a long time. Now you were big enough to try it.

You shoved and pushed through the crowd around the swings, trying to scrouge in ahead. You lost a hair-ribbon, your hat was knocked over your eyes, and one big girl slapped you when you pushed her aside. But with a flying leap you made it as the merry-go-round started — right by the old fiddler. He scraped his fiddle and played, "Turkey in the Straw." Your heart swelled with a sense of victory. You smiled proudly across at Minnie. You wished Pa and Ma could see you now — you, Barbry Miller, a freckle-face country girl, sitting up there in the free seat by the fiddler!

When that glamorous ride was over, you and Minnie walked around some more. It was getting hotter, and your feet hurt. A hack drove up, and you saw Aunt Min and Ed get in. You ran over and asked, "Aunt Min, where you going?" Everybody looked around and laughed. Aunt Min leaned out and whispered, "We'll be back. But you mustn't tell, you and Minnie. Remember — not one word."

You made the sacred sign — crossed your heart, held your right hand high, mumbled the phrase, "Hope I may die." You nudged Minnie

to go through the same ritual. Aunt Min waved at you as the hack lunged off and was swallowed up in a cloud of dust.

Slowly you made your way back to the wagon. There seemed nothing else to do. You started in to tell Ma how you got to ride with the fiddler, but right away she saw your hair-ribbon gone, your sailor broken in one place, and the incriminating spots on your dress — for somehow your handkerchief was gone. Gramma was washing Bill's face. He had got in a fight with some town boys, and cut his lip. Jimmie was hot and tired, and he was crying.

Pa had his coat and collar off, and was hitching up. He looked at you real stern and said, "You know better than to stay so long. We got to start, soon as Ed and Min come." After you'd waited a while, Pa went out to look around. He came back and said, "I don' know what to think — can't find a trace of 'em." You kicked your feet against the side of the wagon, tried to seem unconcerned. You gave Minnie a warning glance.

Gramma said, real quivery, "I told Min she ortn't to go with that wild Ed Pearson," and she took off her specs and wiped her eyes. Pa kept asking folks that passed, did they see Aunt Min and Ed anywhere. But they all said they didn't b'lieve they had, come to

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think of it. Somebody said mebbe they'd gone to town. So Pa whipped up Tom and Jerry, and you jounced and rattled through the dust haze to town.

Pa stopped in front of Gregory's store and let Bill hold the horses while he went to look for Ed and Aunt Min. Ma looked back at you and said, "Seems like you keepin' mighty still back there. Didn't you see your Aunt Min and Ed?" You shook your head — that wasn't really telling a lie. But Ma kept on. "What's wrong with you, anyway? It ain't like you to mope around." You muttered something about being tired. At the same time you kicked Minnie on the shin, as a hint to keep still. She whispered softly, looking at you with reproachful blue eyes.

When Pa came back, Ma said to him, "I just feel like they've run off to get married. I never would uv thought it of Min, but you never can tell." Then Gramma told Pa to go right over to Redford. Min wasn't of age till October, and they might get there in time to stop them. Then you felt worse than ever. Of course you didn't know where they'd gone, or anything, but you'd crossed your heart and promised not to tell. Ma gave you a funny look and said, "Barbry Miller, if you're keeping anything back from me, it'll be worse for you when I find out." That made you utterly miserable. You just sat there and wished there never had been a Fourth of July — or anything!

Everybody with a team of fast horses tried to pass you as you bumped along to Redford. Bill said he was spitting mudballs, and you kept squinching your eyes to keep the dust out. The blackest clouds came up and it thundered hard. Ma kept telling Pa to hurry.

When you got to Redford, Pa tied the horses at the hitchrack by the courthouse, and said you'd better all pile out and come inside, because that storm wasn't far off. You were going up the steps when Ma said there was a whole dishpan of dinner in the wagon and no use letting the rain spoil it. You and Bill ran back to get it. The storm came before you could get back — rain and hail and a wind that almost blew you over. Your hat blew away — your dress was soaked. Somebody inside started to come out just as you got to the door. You fell and went rolling down the steps, the dishpan, with everything in it, falling on top of you. A man picked you up and asked if you were hurt. You told him no, you were just mad all over. The jar of coleslaw had broken and it was all in your hair. You had sticky lemon cake on your hands, and your dress was a sight.

Ma grabbed you when you got inside, and right before everybody she shook you real hard by both shoulders. And she said, "All that good dinner gone and the dishes broke! As if I didn't have enough, with Min gone and you acting like this!"

Just then Minnie called out, "There they are!" You rubbed tears and cake crumbs out of your eyes and looked — and there was Pa and Aunt Min and Ed coming down the hall, and they were all smiling. Aunt Min came running up and threw her arms around Gramma's neck and kissed her. And Ed came and kissed Gramma, too, and called her "Mother Warren." Everybody was kissing everybody else — even Ma wasn't mad at Aunt Min, and you thought she would be. Ed kissed you and Minnie and said, "Call me Uncle Ed now."

Folks stood around in the hall and grinned and whispered behind their hands. Pa said

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something to Ed and all of you went into a room off the hall — a big room with a table and chairs, and two hanging lamps.

You couldn't stand it another minute. You looked at Aunt Min and asked, "Now can I tell?" And Minnie piped up with, "Can I tell, too?" Ma looked sharp at you and said, "Tell what?"

Aunt Min's cheeks got red as fire but she laughed and said to go ahead. So you told how you saw them get in the hack and Aunt Min made you promise not to tell, so you crossed your heart and promised — "Hope to die." You didn't understand why Pa put his arm around you, and why Ma kissed you and gave you a big hug, but it was nice, anyway.

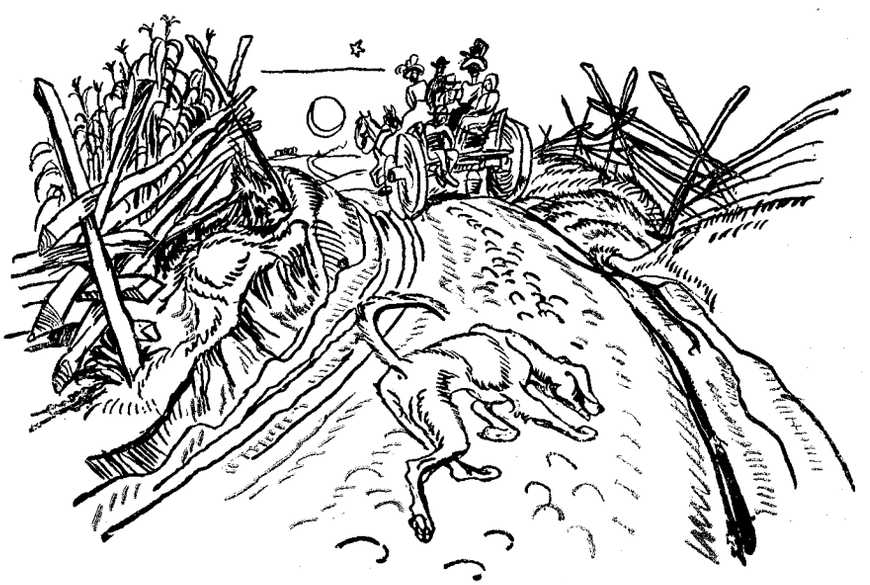
Pa said, "Well, we got to stay here till the rain lets up. Too bad all that good dinner's gone." Uncle Ed winked at Pa, and they went out and came back with the best things to eat — buns and pickles and cookies and sardines and cheese, and a whole cocoanut cake from the bakery.

Ma and Gramma spread out papers on the table, and you all sat down. Ma said this was a wedding feast, and the bride and groom must sit at the head of the table. She put the cake in front of them, and Aunt Min cut it with Pa's pocket knife. Everything tasted so good and everybody acted so happy — you forgot your messy dress and your hair and your lost sailor hat. You didn't see why Bill and Jimmie could get so sleepy and go sound asleep. Pa put them on the floor and laid his coat over them.

You kept looking at Aunt Min. She looked so pretty with her cheeks so rosy, her light yellow hair curling around her face. You wondered why she didn't wear a veil and a long white dress, like the picture in Ma's album. You wondered if *you'd* ever be a bride and wear a veil and —

The next thing you knew Ma was shaking your arm and saying, "Wake up, Barbry! The idea — a big girl like you going sound asleep right at the table. Come on, now. The rain's over and we must get home."

Outside there was a cool, sweet wind, and the stars were shining. It was good to roll along home — to hear the horses' feet sloshing in the mud. At Gramma's house the bride and groom got out. Gramma was coming on to stay all night at your house. You would always call them "bride and groom" — that sounded nicer than just "Aunt Min and Uncle Ed." They hollered goodbye, and Ma called back, "Come and stay to dinner Sunday."



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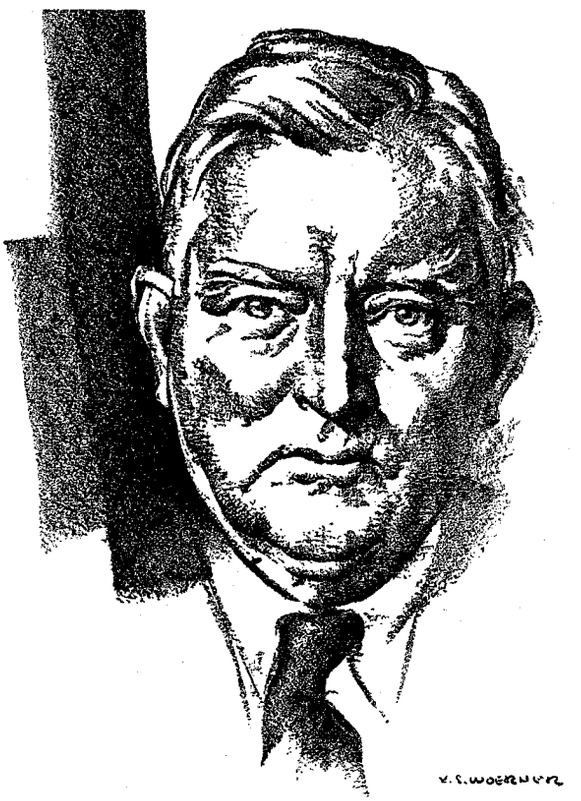
John N. Garner

Presidential Possibilities — IX

***by* CLINTON W. GILBERT**



If the people of this country have turned against President Hoover, as it seems they have, and wish to put into the White House a man who will be as different from him as white is from black, then Speaker John N. Garner is their candidate. He is strong in the ways Mr. Hoover is weak. He has in eminent degree the qualities the lack of which has in the general opinion made Mr. Hoover's Administration unsuccessful.

To begin with, John Garner grew up near the grass roots and is a product of the American soil. His whole experience has been of life in this country. I am not sure that he has ever been outside of it, except perhaps to cross the Rio Grande, near which he has his home (in Uvalde, Texas, seven hundred miles west of Chicago), into Mexico.

There is an old bit of verse that says:

> The more languages a man can speak,
> His talent hath but sprung the greater leak.

It seems to apply somewhat generally to the contrast between Garner and Hoover. Garner knows what he knows with a thoroughness that is impossible to a man who has been a mining engineer in China, Siberia, and Australia, a food administrator in Belgium, a mining promoter in England, and who began to turn his mind to America and to American politics at a time of life when the best period of learning is past. A. E., the Irish poet and economist, somewhere says, "The engineer should be on tap but not on top," which is but another version of the old English couplet quoted above.

Garner has learned what he knows from life itself. Like Al Smith, who says he is a graduate of the Fulton Fish Market, Garner is a graduate of the ranch, of the country court house, of the country bank, of rural political conventions, with a post-graduate course of thirty years in that hard school, the United States Congress. Out of it all he has picked up a moderate fortune, so far as this world's goods go, and he has risen to be head of the House of Representatives, the second most powerful place in Washington. He has a hard practical head, an infinite understanding of human beings. Mr. Hoover always seems ill at ease among his fellow men, looking anywhere but at them when he talks to them, nervously drawing diagrams as he sits facing them at his desk.

A very shrewd Republican member of the House of Representatives said to me, appraising Mr. Hoover just after he was elected President, "Hoover is ninety-seven per cent publicity." Most Presidents become legends after they are elected to the Presidency. Mr. Hoover was a legend before he was elected to

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that high office. He was a promoter before the accident of the war made him a public figure through his handling of food relief in Belgium. He himself has been enormously "promoted." Acres of publicity have been written about him by the most expert publicity men in the country, often with enthusiasm and perfect faith. He has been a promoter in office, with an inveterate belief in the virtue of the prospectus. He spent two years trying to cure the depression with prospectuses, optimistic announcements from the White House that the panic would be over in sixty days.

Now there probably isn't a public man in Washington who has been so indifferent to publicity as John Garner. He has spent some thirty years in Washington hardly aware of that great American engine of promotion which almost everyone else here eats his heart out trying to manipulate to his advantage. He has not had to think about front pages. In his Texas Congress district there isn't a town of more than 12,000 inhabitants. There aren't any big papers to think about. And anyway he was always so sure of being reëlected that he has not made an election campaign in fifteen years. He has never had his speeches printed and circulated under frank in his district. Not wanting to be Senator from Texas, he has never gone about the state making speeches.

He once said to me, "When you make a speech you invariably displease a minority, which never forgets. And the majority that you please forgets overnight." That is a Coolidge-like utterance, reminding one of the ex-President's advice to the late Dwight W. Morrow when he was running for Senator in New Jersey: "Don't make many speeches. Let your opponent do all the talking. And don't answer him." The Republicans recently thought they knew of a speech of Garner's that might embarrass him. They searched the *Congressional Record* and found a place where there was evidence that he had made the sort of speech they were looking for. There they found the words, "The Congressman from Texas, Mr. Garner, received permission to revise his remarks." He had, however, revised them so well that they did not appear at all.

Being careless of publicity, Garner differs in one remarkable way from practically everyone else in Washington. When he approaches a problem he does not think of what the papers will say about what he does or what effects his action will have upon his reëlection. The result is that he is never divided in his mind. He always thinks solely of what is best to do from the standpoint of the public and of his party. So he has the habit of swift and very sure decision. If one can imagine the past before the day of the telegraph and the great newspaper, one can conceive that there were many men like Garner in Washington. Now he is a novelty.

A Master Politician

There is another respect in which Mr. Garner stands in sharp contrast to Mr. Hoover. The Texan is a master politician. Mr. Hoover knows as much about politics as Mr. Garner does about blueprints. In the present temper of this country it is not likely that the people will elect to the Presidency a banker or a business man or an engineer. Financiers and industrialists are no longer looked up to as demigods. The bankers appear in Senator Glass's speech, showing that nearly $900,000,000 of credit are locked up in the banks of the country, as scared hoarders no better than the man who has hidden his money in his sock. The big industrialists showed no sense of what was going to happen in 1929 and no resourcefulness in ending the economic troubles that beset us. Mr. Hoover calls to the bankers and business men to save the country. And the bankers and business men pray Mr. Hoover to save the country. It looks to the people like a case of the blind begging for light from the blind. The great American religion of business never had fewer worshipers than it has to-day. There have been too many thousands of banks that have failed, too many hundreds of corporations that have stopped paying dividends and have cut wages and thrown their employees out of work for anyone to suggest that what the country needs is a financier or a business man in the White House.

Besides, we have had a business man and an engineer in the White House. And 1932 is going to be a year of change. A great many heads will be hit. A cudgel is raised over the head of the Republican party, precisely because it happens to be in power. The head of prohibition is going to be broken precisely because we happen to have had prohibition during the last crazy decade which ended in catastrophe. If we had had liquor during the

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last ten years, the drys would right now have a good chance of putting the Eighteenth Amendment in the Federal Constitution.

And for the same reason 1932 is going to be a good year to say nothing about the virtues of the business man in office, unless you want to awaken hoots of derision. There is a great deal of point in saying that the Presidency is a politician's job. It is after all a political office, and if there is any virtue in training at all the office calls for a man who has been trained in politics.

Now it is the lack of this experience that has been one of Mr. Hoover's serious weaknesses. He has been, as every President is, forced to weigh in advance the political consequences of his acts without having the faintest sense of political reactions. He has been like a man walking in a dark forest where behind every tree a foe waits with a knife. He has thus tried to derive from paper what Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Garner would know instinctively or from intuition. He is the greatest paper President we have ever had.

The accumulation of facts by the White House is conducted with comic zeal. A researcher who has been called upon often to collect facts and figures for the President tells me that he always finds at least five other investigators going over the same ground as himself, all set to work independently by the White House. They run into and fall over each other. Each finds that the documents he has to consult are already in the hands of some other report-preparer or graph-plotter. It all shows Mr. Hoover's industry and his will to do the best thing for the country. But the greatest man with a steam shovel is at a loss in dealing with such intangibles as human emotions.

Now the word politician has fallen into disrepute, though Calvin Coolidge did quite a little to restore its character. It calls to mind a man who is slick, pretentious, rather cowardly, and generally intellectually dishonest. In his lowest form the politician has something in common with the confidence man. His chief aim is to "get away with it." And in a democracy ruled by business but nominally responsible to voters divided into groups and blocs, he has to serve so many masters that he is as adjustable in appearance as a chameleon.

But that is because the politician is in general not intelligent. He has a little low cunning and not much more. The really able man in politics, with a strong character, having a higher ideal than "getting away with it," does not have to be a cheap faker any more than Governor Cleveland did. What strikes one about John Garner is that he does not play the game of politics according to the rules. Where the ordinary politician is cunning, Garner is wise. Where the ordinary politician acts a dozen parts, he remains simply himself, inflexibly the same in all circumstances, respecting himself and respecting popular government. He has been fortunate in having one clear aim in life for many years, which he could pursue realistically, knowing with perfect certainty that if he lived he would achieve it, and that was the Speakership of the House. All he had to do was to become a master of the business in the House, to learn to manage men skillfully, winning their confidence, always telling them the truth even if it was painful — and wait till long service brought him to the Speakership. He never wanted to be Senator. He never wanted to be Governor. And the idea that he might some day be President never occurred to him.

That is, never until the whole country suddenly began to talk of him as a possible President.

Into the Limelight

Nobody ever dawned so unexpectedly on the country as a Presidential possibility as did John Garner, unless it was one of those drawn-out-of-a-hat nominees that an exhausted, deadlocked convention sometimes puts on a party ticket. On December 1, 1931, probably nobody had thought for a moment of Garner as the Democratic nominee. Ten days later a few sharp-witted observers of politics, seeing that he was impressing the country and reasoning that he was strategically located, began to talk of him as a possibility. A month later the talk had spread widely. Two months later, at the time I am writing, the whole nation realizes that he is one of the two leading candidates for the Democratic nomination.

When the Presidency was first mentioned Garner refused to take it seriously. He used to grow irritated if anyone told him he might be nominated, as if he thought his friends were having fun at his expense. He still forbids anyone to attempt to discuss it with him, because

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he is unwilling to have his attention diverted from his job of running the House. The recent announcement of his spokesman, Representative Sam Rayburn of Texas, that he was not a candidate was made in pursuance of this policy. If the Speaker becomes involved in a primary fight for the Presidency not only will he be trying to serve two masters, but he will incur on the floor of the House the opposition of friends of the other candidates. His leadership of the House will be impaired.

For this reason the Speaker also refuses to discuss the controversial issues of the Democratic Presidential contest. He is not dodging the prohibition issue when he refuses to discuss it. Before the Democratic National Convention meets he will express his views of prohibition with his characteristic frankness. In an interview in the *New York Times* of last November, before Congress met and before he had any notion that he might be made a candidate for President, he indicated clearly enough his attitude toward federal prohibition. He said that he had voted against the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Amendments, the last still pending before the states, because he thought that prohibition, woman suffrage, and child labor were proper subjects of state and not federal legislation. Many states had prohibition before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted, and the rest of them could have had it by their own individual action if they had wanted it. I have no doubt that his statement when it comes will be a declaration in favor of returning to the states their natural control of the liquor traffic. His view of the proper limits of federal authority makes him a repealer. This would be true even if he were a dry by conviction, which in my opinion he isn't, for he voted steadily against prohibition measures up till the time when the question of carrying into effect by law a provision of the Constitution presented itself to him as a legislator.

Remaining in the background as a candidate is not only essential to him in his leadership of the House but it is advantageous to him in the situation that exists in the Democratic Presidential contest. Only if the active candidates for the Democratic nomination, Governor Roosevelt, ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, and Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, kill each other off, will John Garner have a chance of nomination. If the convention is deadlocked by these leaders, then it will probably turn to Garner. He will be the first choice of one hundred or so delegates and the second choice of more delegates than anyone else who now figures as a possibility. As I think that Murray has no chance to be nominated, and that Smith has only a slight chance, I rate Garner as next to Roosevelt among Democratic possibilities. I put him behind Roosevelt only because at this writing the full effects of the Smith candidacy and the Murray candidacy cannot yet be gauged. Newton D. Baker might have been a more formidable candidate than he is if he had not emphasized his support of the League of Nations. Albert C. Ritchie is a possibility but distinctly less so than the Speaker.

Up till a month or two ago Roosevelt seemed likely to be virtually unopposed and so his candidacy had considerable momentum. On the principle that a body in motion tends to remain in motion, it will take some time to slow down completely the Roosevelt candidacy. Considerable deceleration is already evident as I write. Jewett Shouse's program of uninstructed delegations is rapidly gaining adherents. The South, which at one time seemed likely to be committed to Roosevelt, will send mostly uninstructed delegates or delegates committed to local favorites. New York will go uncommitted. Most of New England will be uninstructed or instructed against Roosevelt. There has been a rapid though not necessarily fundamental change in the whole aspect of the Democratic campaign.

Speaker by Acclamation

The country suddenly awoke to the quality of Garner when he was elected Speaker. Public attention was focused on the organization of the House because up till a short time before it met it was uncertain whether the Republicans or the Democrats would form a majority of its members. Some special elections resulted in putting the Democrats in a majority of two or three. Garner, to win the Speakership, needed every Democratic vote. It was predicted that the Democrats could not unite upon anybody. There were many conflicting ambitions to be reconciled. Garner smoothed out all the difficulties so that in the Democratic caucus not only was he named but also the lesser House officials by acclamation.

The country hardly got over its satisfaction

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that there was a leader in the House before it was discovering that there was a statesman there too. The deficit had been rapidly mounting at a rate that made expenditures for this year in excess of revenues by about $2,500,000,000. Before anyone else in public life saw it, Garner saw that there could be no economic recovery until the Federal Government established its credit by balancing its budget. The Administration came reluctantly to the conclusion that taxes must be raised.

There is nothing that Congress hates to do more than to raise taxes, and it was on the point of rebellion against the Administration's proposal, especially the Democratic members of both Houses. Many of the latter entertained the foolish notion that it would be good politics to parade their party as the savior of the taxpayer's pocketbook by refusing to impose new and higher taxes. To say that the government should go on borrowing money to pay expenses was the easiest way. But Garner set himself firmly against this counsel of weakness and insisted that the nation must balance its budget.

To the principle of balancing the budget the Speaker adheres firmly. He sees more clearly than any Democrat in Washington the need of maintaining the financial integrity of the government. At this writing the House has rejected the manufacturers' sales tax which was proposed by the Ways and Means Committee as the most practicable way of providing the revenue necessary to balance the budget. Mr. Garner approved the sales tax somewhat reluctantly because it was proposed by the Committee whose function it was to formulate a revenue measure.

He has been criticized for not taking the floor and making a fight for that tax, but he thought it best to reserve his force and make his stand, not on that particular method of balancing the budget, but on the principle that the budget must be balanced. The fight over taxes, the most bitter in Congress since before the Civil War, has only just begun, so that at this writing one has to indulge in prophecy. Before this subject of taxes is disposed of by Congress, the Speaker will be heard from in no uncertain way, and if the budget is balanced it will be Garner who brought it about. His great opportunity is still before him. If the Democratic Party does not wish to enter the presidential campaign facing the risk that any business collapse that may occur between now and November will be charged to its failure to balance the budget, it will have to follow the leadership of Garner, and no party in its senses will take that risk.

His good sense and his leadership of the House, his soundness in finance, his opposition to currency inflation, which has many advocates in Congress, have won for him the confidence of the business men of the nation. He has done much to overcome the belief of many people that the Democratic party lacks the experience and the capacity to govern.

William Randolph Hearst's support of Garner undoubtedly makes a bad impression on a good many people. It came to the Speaker unsolicited and as a total surprise. The two men have not met since they were in the House together twenty years ago. No promises have been made or commitments of any kind. Coolidge and Hoover both had Hearst support and valued it because of the great public the Hearst newspapers reach. In California it will probably win delegates for the Speaker.

The secret of Garner's leadership in the House and of his sound statesmanship is hard work and the ability to make instant decisions. He gave evidence of these qualities early in his career. With a sure instinct for doing the right thing to accomplish his ends he got himself elected to the Texas legislature as it was just about to carve out new Congress districts in Texas. In the legislature he had just one aim (singleness of aim is his characteristic): to get on the committee that did the redistricting. On the committee, he drew a line around that portion of Texas that he wanted as a district for himself. He got his district and no one has ever been able to beat him in it since.

Garner has one other quality besides industry and hard practical sense. He isn't a grind. He gets a lot of fun out of life. In Congress he became at first a gay, poker-playing member, making a lot of friends, but not doing much work. Coming from the Texas cow country, he was "hard to curry below the knees." The bosses found him independent and capable of starting a rebellion. Albert Sidney Burleson, afterward Wilson's Postmaster General, was the boss of Texas at that time, so he started to put the fear of God into Garner's heart. He had him removed from the House committee of

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which he was a member. This is the hardest punishment that can happen to a Congressman, for it robs him of all his progress by seniority and puts him back at the foot of the list.

It would have ruined any ordinary Congressman, but not John Garner. He set to work to put himself in a position where he would need to have no fear of A. S. Burleson. As he describes it himself, "I did a little electioneering on my own account. I decided that if I could not be a chairman, I would make chairmen myself." When the Congress was next organized he was so strong that he put himself on the most coveted of all committees, Ways and Means, the Democratic members of which make Democratic chairmen of the other committees. He has been making chairmen ever since, building up an organization that made him the most powerful Democrat in the House.

He saw also when he reviewed his situation after Burleson had disciplined him that those who rule the House are not only skillful managers of men but must also know the business of legislation better than their fellows. He became a hard worker. To-day he arrives at his office on the Hill at seven-thirty, always accompanied by Mrs. Garner, who acts as his secretary, and stays there till six o'clock at night. As I write this he has been suffering from a serious cold for two weeks, one that would put any man on his back. I am personally fond of him and think him important to the country. I have entered into a conspiracy to keep him in bed. But nothing has availed to detain him, fevered as he was, from his ten hours a day at the Capitol.

A White Hat in the Ring

I think I have indicated the extraordinary singleness of purpose in Garner's life, his sure calculation of means toward his end. As a result he always knows exactly where he stands on every question. There is no penumbra of doubt about his attitude. He answers Yes or No and gives his reasons, and his reasons strike you as the ultimate of common sense. He is never balanced between on the one hand, on the other. He has the confidence of men, because when they ask a favor of him he grants it or refuses it, and means whichever he says. Anyone so utterly frank has courage and will fight. John Garner will fight, and when he fights he does not pull his punches. But when he is through fighting he always seeks to heal the wounds he may have inflicted.

I was in his office once when he had had a sharp clash with a fellow member. He called up the member's secretary. "How's the old man?" The old man was evidently still in a towering rage. "Well, you tip me off when it will be all right for me to see him." Then, hanging up and turning to me, he said, "Of course, I can't leave him in his present state of mind." No detail of personal relations ever escapes his attention. And still he makes no compromises with his position.

He is not a man who swells up with his job. He is the same old John Garner as Speaker that he was as Democratic floor leader, except for the strain that the added responsibility has put upon him. The only change I notice is in his hat. He has always worn a Western hat, wide-brimmed and almost white, with a narrow ribbon about it. He stuck to it for a while after he became Speaker, but his friends insisted that he should cover his head more in the prevailing fashion. His Western hat was so characteristic of him that it must have cost him a struggle to give it up.

The white hats had a strong point in their favor. They were given to him by an admirer in his state. And Garner is as economical as Calvin Coolidge. He hates unnecessary expenditure either by himself or by the government. One of his first acts as Speaker was to refuse to use the car the government furnishes the Speaker. This wasn't playing to the galleries. He is always himself. Explaining his refusal to use the automobile, he said privately, "I just couldn't do it. It was costing the government five dollars a day to haul me from my hotel to the Capitol and back. I can get there in a taxi for twenty cents." He is like Coolidge in many respects, but there is this difference. He has a vitality that Coolidge lacked. He gets fun out of life. He is a man's man. He was the gay Nick Longworth's best friend, and you can't imagine Nick Longworth picking out Coolidge for his companion.

Garner is like some of our earlier Presidents, a product of the soil, a cowboy, a country lawyer, a farmer, a country banker, and a politician, with a good deal of the flavor of the frontier about him.

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Revolt from Cynicism

by **DAWN LOVELACE**

I

It was about thirteen years ago that the excitement of chauvinistic heroism, inflated mass emotions, and wholesale death began to subside and thinking people began taking stock of the wreckage and realizing that something was wrong. Somehow, the gruesome turmoil which the world passed through indicated (to those people who could become concerned about matters beyond their own immediate welfare) that a great deal of what parents, teachers, ministers, and editorial writers had been telling them was all very pretty — but that, in a crisis, it let them down with a painful thud and left them with little besides bewilderment and aching posteriors.

The resulting reaction of the intelligentsia and those who followed, apelike, in their footsteps was a general and flippant tossing overboard of sacred precepts, creeds, and moral codes. In that era, Cabell and Mencken were joint partners on the throne, and from their mouths issued the new commandments of iconoclasm. Ben Hecht produced *Eric Dorn;* Stephen Benét (since then relegated to the obscurity of respectable library tables) gave us *The Beginning of Wisdom;* Floyd Dell exposed the tortured soul of youth in *Moon Calf* and *The Briary Bush;* Hemingway was discovered looking up from a well of post-war loneliness and cynicism, and watching the sun fritter away its time on the cognac consumption of the war-shattered dissolute; and homosexuality was stepping brazenly from between the covers of clinical volumes and entering the conversation and fiction of even good women. The Younger Generation, just doing up its hair and learning to apply the lipstick (that pernicious symbol of the dog-route), reveled in the newer wisdom — the new negation, the new emptiness — wherein nothing at all mattered and life was a lousy business at best.

For the great rank and file to whom philosophy and ethics were highbrow subjects taught in colleges, stocks were soaring, wages were high, and money lay thick awaiting the taking. We didn't do so badly by ourselves in the war — aside from the regrettable loss of young blood and so on, of course — and everyone had the wherewithal to set up drinks for the house. Moralists have repeated to the point of boredom the sins of a materialistic people gone berserk, drunk on its own prosperity. Anything said here on the subject would be but a feeble echo. But moralistic or not, the charge must be admitted, and now, to borrow a threadbare metaphor, since the stock market spree the tipplers must suffer the hangover. And with the hangover comes remorse — a sometimes openly admitted realization that they have sold their birthright, the right to believe in themselves and to face the future with the security of intact integrity — for a mess of pottage, and that it has turned out to be a most unsavory mess, at that.

Only recently I listened to an amazing confession — amazing, coming from one who, a few months ago, admitted with philosophical candor that he thought it wise to compromise, to sell his convictions and principles to the highest bidder. The confession was not uttered in a moment of despondency, but was the result of much reflection: "If I could go back a few years, I'd be different. I'd believe in something. I'd find something to believe in and stick to it, whatever happened. I guess I believed in something once — probably a lot of things. But God knows where those convictions are now!" (And herein lies what I consider the significant part of this wail of disillusionment:) "My affection for my wife is the only real thing I have left!"

Dramatics? Heroics? I don't think so. I am convinced that what that man said was a necessary confession of his own spiritual bankruptcy — no doubt made more poignant by his financial bankruptcy, it is true, but neverthe-

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less an index of a great dissatisfaction with what he had done with his life.

I heard that despairing utterance made in the presence of a young college student who listened thoughtfully, sympathetically, but with a smile that impressed me as akin to sly superiority. And as one of the post-war generation, I wonder if my own face did not betray some of the what-else-could-you-expect sentiment which the confession aroused in me. There was a time when that man's creed was one of negation: get through life as pleasantly as you can; get what you can; believe in nothing which would threaten your comfort; and finally, wait for this "disreputable episode called life" to end. He would not let factors which could have no immediate bearing on his physical or financial well-being disturb him. He considered every question, whether it be political, social, moral, or economic, from every angle and proceeded to sit down in the middle of it. He called that procedure "tolerance," "keeping a sane balance," guarding against "crusades" and crusaders.

The net result is that he is still sitting, the questions whirling dizzily about him. The deal between his principles — that is, his integrity — and Mammon has proved a swindle, and he stares hopelessly at the empty sack.

And what a despairingly empty sack life has resolved itself into for him can best be determined by his own confession — that the only reality left is a simple human affection!

II

THE TRAGEDY of the cynical Epicurean (self-styled) of the wartime generation is reflected, conversely, in the younger brothers and sisters just emerging from college. I believe that they are pitying the erstwhile sponsors of negation. They look upon the wasteland, listen to the wail of desolation, and pity the tortured struggles to regain a footing on the bank of solid values. Out of that pity there is developing a determination to beware of such cynicism, an urge to look for something real and purposeful upon which to predicate living.

Am I too optimistic? I think not. Listening to the conversation of the new and thinking youth, one hears much more frequently than during the decade just ended such words as "integrity," "ethical," "principles," and "convictions." One is conscious, unless one is a chronic maligner of youth, of a groping for new standards or at least a careful consideration of the old ones.

True, the young thinkers vacillate from premise to premise, stumbling, grasping, discarding, bumping painfully against the blind walls of unsatisfactory conclusions. From Humanism to Communism; from religion to atheism; from Jehovah and the crucifix they waver and shift. But they are not sitting down in the middle of a rationalized conviction that nothing matters! They may never find their rock of Gibraltar, but neither are they seeking a velvet cushion.

I do not mean to insinuate that the younger group of intelligent thinkers is casting the anchor of orthodoxy. I do not believe they are seeking safety — unless it be safety from that chaotic chasm which so tragically swallowed their older brothers. They *are* seeking solid ground — a set of philosophical standards which will make living, not a negative waiting for death, but a positive reality.

Nor do I intimate that all of the younger generation has taken one clearly defined trail to "right living," marked with sobriety, modesty, charity, and honesty. One could not expect so much, even if one desired it. There is confusion — a great, uncharted jungle of confusion — and it is the Herculean problem of the present-day youth to deliberate and choose some way out of that jungle. As one of the rather bewildered young people, I sincerely testify that the problem is not a pleasant one. Even the most superficial survey of what the wartime and immediate post-war iconoclasts (and I speak now of not only the professional philosophers and editorial writers, but of the entire destructive era of human behavior) have left for us shows a landscape not at all encouraging.

Whether or not we succeed in creating something substantial out of the confusion about us, at least, I believe, we are trying. Whether we accept the dictates of the high priests of the Humanist cult; or whether we swing to the extreme Left and flaunt the Red flag; or decide upon the middle ground of Broun liberalism, or less spectacular conservatism — it does not matter. What matters is the fact that young people are struggling and deliberately striving to organize their lives into a meaning. To the Right, the Left, or the middle ground — at

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least they are removed from the desert of cynicism whereon Hemingway, Jeffers, Faulkner, and others have pitched their gloomy tents. Whatever the young thinker does, I am convinced that he is distrustful of the emancipated intellectualism which fostered during the recent decade such a chaos of discontent, inertia, and anchorless "free thinking."

What the newer youth wants are convictions that are not marked with the dollar sign. They want sincerity, for which — if you please — they would be willing to suffer martyrdom. Perhaps the economic conditions of a once prosperous people have forced the realization that material things are cheap; that the capacity to consume material commodities is limited; that time spent in superflous accumulation is viciously spent when it entails the suffering of others.

Such thinking does not indicate a throwback to Victorian morality and sentimentality. The young person recognizes the reality of human relations. He wants no silken whiskers on his Gods and no fig leaves and rose petals on his sex. He is done with rococo superstitions and pretty unrealities.

But the Hemingway desert is too desolate for long encampment. The concerted outcry is for faith, convictions, principles! — that money cannot buy or doubts corrupt.

III

When I emerged from the cocoon stage of intellectual development, the Cabell-Mencken dispensation was beginning to breathe its fluttering last. It was still mildly popular to read the author who aspired "to write perfectly of beautiful happenings" and whose principle characters were pretty talking puppets, attached to a phallus. Point was still feebly Countering Point. One lived in an intellectual sweet-shoppe of æsthetic enjoyment; dabbled gingerly in Socialism, but deplored the great unwashed; poked polished finger tips into the garbage pail of Dreiserian and Joycean realism, and wrinkled a mental snout at the stench. Done up in tinted, perfumed tissue paper (which had a utility value to be chuckled over) and tied with gay ribbons which were anything but mauve, were dainty sample boxes of ethics, politics, sex morality, and what-not. One toyed gracefully with them all, but refrained from substantial indulgence lest he be "swept into the vortex" and lose his intellectual freedom. Art was not a genius for taking pains. It was a genius for being different. "Keep out of the track of the herd!" was the slogan. With everyone trying to be different, to follow an independent course, is it any wonder confusion was the result?

Ah well . . . those were the days! All misted over now with the rosy haze of changing customs. The crowd began to settle down even before the stock market crash. They have married, even as the common herd does. They have shoved Cabell back on the top shelf and negligently admit they "used to read him." They have placed Huxley, Hemingway, Dell, *et cetera* alongside Cabell and have let them all settle into the dust of neglect. They have begot and borne babies and now admit that certain fundamentals cannot be denied by intellectual poses: that the sexual act sometimes brings the bitter fruit of responsibility, and that certain social regulations are, however distorted by bigotry and perverted logic, existent for a purpose and a very good purpose at that.

Those who could not swing around with the current have found themselves stranded, with the tattered shreds of their integrity, the empty vessel of cynicism, a bootlegger's bill, and worthless stocks and bonds for consolation.

Perhaps I am guilty of presumption — of scooping into the one blanket of my reactions and observations an unknown, unproved stratum of human beings. I do not know. I can but base my appraisal of what this New Younger Generation is thinking upon what transpires in my own consciousness during moments of self-analysis, and upon what my associates confess to me of their unhappy wanderings in the realm of philosophical values.

But out of those hours spent in trying to sort out the bewilderment, there has been born a persistent demand for a belief in something; for sincerity; for values that will hold up. There is sounded a warning against too meticulous weighing of questions — against that comfortable human tendency to rationalize oneself into the intellectual inertia known as agnosticism.

Yet I wonder, as I review what I have just written, if this troubled urge which I and my young friends feel is not in reality just another retreat. . . .

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting on articles that have appeared in The Forum. Due to space limitations, the Editor reserves the right to publish the letters only in part.

The Forum and Prohibition

To the Editor:

It seems to me that THE FORUM is more a magazine of propaganda for certain interests than it is a "magazine of controversy." Else why should nine out of ten articles on the problem of the liquor traffic (not the problem of prohibition) be against support for the Eighteenth Amendment?

If a magazine is to be fair and to avoid the suspicion of being subsidized by special interests, it seems to me that it should balance every wet article with a dry one. Otherwise the false impression is given that the wet side has all the arguments. A magazine of the standing and influence of THE FORUM ought to be above the debasing standards of those newspapers which have sold out to the wets.

President Hibben of Princeton falls into two common weaknesses of the wets in his article, "Our National Moral Issue," in the April FORUM. He interprets conditions around Princeton to be typical of the entire country, as even the *Literary Digest* poll has disproved; and he generalizes from his own Eastern outlook with blanket statements which will not stand the light of facts. Still another weakness, surprising in a man of his standing, is to blame on the Eighteenth Amendment the evils it is designed to overcome — and has overcome to a far greater degree than any other solution of the liquor traffic. We might ask President Hibben also why he condemns the Eighteenth Amendment when he has nothing better to put in its place. His article thus adds to that all too prevalent iconoclasm which is doing more than anything else to create the difficulties he decries.

CECIL DANIEL SMITH

Methodist Episcopal Board of Education
Columbus, O.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *In the past sixteen months, since January, 1931,* THE FORUM *has published seven articles on the subject of liquor traffic. One of these, "Bunk About Beer," by Charles Melish, was distinctly not wet material. That the remaining six questioned the efficiency of the Eighteenth Amendment, and in certain instances advocated either repeal or modification, is due not to any wet editorial policy (in upholding either side of the issue* THE FORUM *would be contradicting its own title as a magazine of controversy) but to the fact that each of the writers presented his case so vividly and with such authority that acceptance of their papers was a matter not only of good journalism but of public duty. When such men as Presi-*

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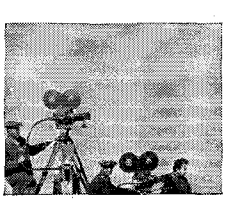
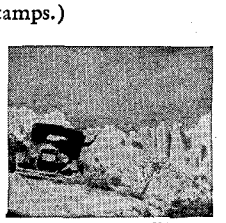


Movie making

Orange groves



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Our Rostrum

dent Hibben of Princeton, Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of the Harvard Law School, Henry W. Anderson of the Wickersham Commission, and Ivan Bratt, originator of Sweden's system of liquor control, comment on a question so much debated as prohibition they have a right to be heard; as, for other reasons, does such an authority on the woman's point of view as Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson of the Woman's Home Companion, *or Sally Martyn, who represents at least one wing of the younger generation. The drys, too, have a right to be heard of course, but aside from Arthur Briggs, whose "The Wets Give Me a Pain in the Neck" was as vigorous and stalwart a defense of the Eighteenth Amendment as has yet been published, their adherents do not seem to be able to present any opinions or comments which have not already been distributed throughout the nation by the Anti-Saloon League or the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. Granted the sincerity and worthiness of this material, its lack of individuality and its too often stereotyped conclusions argue against its inclusion in* FORUM *pages.*

Mr. Smith's implication that THE FORUM *is "subsidized by special interests" is obviously ridiculous. The Editor is as anxious to procure a good dry article as the drys are to read one. But where, he asks, is it to be found?*]

Puritanism = Responsibility

To the Editor:

Though I belong to a generation which is supposed to know practically nothing about anyone under thirty, I nevertheless appreciated John Hyde Preston's article, "The Puritan Still Walks," in the April FORUM. I wish that all my contemporaries, as well as Mr. Preston's, could read and consider his thesis.

That he sets down some pertinent truths does not signify, however, that his conclusions are infallible. As an elderly man whose progeny numbers three, yet one whose sympathies are always with youth, perhaps I may be pardoned for suggesting that what Mr. Preston describes as "the Puritan" is in reality a caricature of old man Responsibility, an ancient gentleman from whom even the most rational of rationalists find it hard to escape. The younger generation is not the first to confound the two. We "liberals" have ever sung blithely of "the care-free and irresponsible days of youth" when we might have been more helpful by forgetting the Puritan and endeavoring to develop the germ of fair play, to which responsibility — to oneself and one's associates — is always concomitant, and which is and always has been the birthright of every girl and boy who is worth a tinker's dam.

EDGAR S. MILLER

Atchison, Kan.

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Our Rostrum

No Politics for Me

To the Editor:

Governor Cross's "Young Men in Politics" (April FORUM) is, admittedly, a sane and justified rebuke to the young American's indifference to active participation in government, as well as a beguiling invitation to rectify that apathy. But I believe that another condition — which the Governor mentions but does not by any means explain to my satisfaction — is largely responsible for this unfortunate situation. I refer to the recognized fact that politics is a dirty business, or at any rate a business in which one is constantly called upon to yield up personal integrity in exchange for success.

As a New Yorker I am faced each morning with headlines giving the odorous results of the Seabury investigation, and I can only conclude (things may be different in Connecticut, where Mr. Cross has deservedly won the confidence of the voters) that in the political struggle for existence a chief requirement is to keep one hand in ignorance of what the other hand is doing, and to have both eyes blindfolded.

As long as this rule obtains, it seems to me not to the discredit of our educated young men that they refuse to enter politics. On the contrary, should they not be praised for their stand? They realize that of the many paths to political power, the most crooked is likely to be the quickest. And even such hopeful omens as the Seabury investigation, which proves that guilt is sometimes discovered and if possible punished, cannot make them forget that, or so it appears, honesty is too often the worst politics.

ALLEN CASE HARVEY

New York, N. Y.

Consider the Lilies

To the Editor:

If I ever have a daughter I am going to bring her up to be a parasite!

Well, maybe not quite a parasite, but I positively, absolutely will not bring her up to be one of the modern, independent women whom Mary Roberts Rinehart describes in her article, "If I Had a Daughter" (March FORUM).

This is not a discussion of marriage-versus-a-career, and it is not a plea for more and better home life. It is the almost, but not quite altogether, selfish wail of a modern daughter who has been trapped, partly by circumstances and largely by herself, into an attitude of independence so unassailable that it virtually amounts to imprisonment.

There is no slavery so hopeless as the slavery to an idea. And the modern daughter is in bondage to the idea of woman's independence. If I ever have a daughter, I shall want her to depend on others for her ideas and for her living. I do

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Our Rostrum

not, understand, want her to be devoid of all activity and become a clinging vine. But I should want her to be able to relax once in a while, to set down all her burdens and hand them over to someone else. I want my daughter to be taken care of and to be told, "There, there, little girl, don't worry your little head about it."

Oh, those women, sheltered and supported all their lives, who talk yearningly about how thrilling it must be to know that your hard-earned money has paid for everything you possess! There is just one comment I can make upon that, and I think I hear the voices of the whole sisterhood of independent women taking up the chorus as I give vent to a brief, bitter, "Ha!"

As a fairly representative member of this younger feminine generation, I wish to say that for my part I am going to spend the next few years of my life in learning how *not* to be an independent woman. I want to learn how to be unreasonable, to make demands, and to get things I haven't earned.

HAZEL NICHOLSON

Electra, Texas

Sex Training for Youth

To the Editor:

Mary Roberts Rinehart's "If I Had a Daughter" is good, as might have been expected. After presenting the problem faced by modern youth, Mrs. Rinehart is courageous enough to say, "As to the answer, I do not know." But there is an answer, the essence of which is:

Teach your child before sex maturity the physical functions of sex as a means to an end: procreation. This will burn down curiosity, the greatest sex stimulant.

Teach your child a true ideal of love and of manhood, especially the true meaning of happiness, which is usually misunderstood. Happiness means love felt, but it remains incomplete unless it culminates in service, which means love expressed.

Teach your child that marriage as an institution is but a form used as a protection for the love life and the offspring of two people. In its boundaries happiness may increase, but marriage is not a means to become happy.

In other words: help your child to find and live his own ideals; teach your child to reason and think; *be an example*, the child's greatest stimulant.

H. R. GENCK

Seal Beach, Calif.

A Liberal Party

To the Editor:

I wish to commend you on publishing John T. Flynn's "Why a Liberal Party?" (March FORUM). It is the first clear and intelligent exposition of the subject that I have read.

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TRAVEL IN THE

SOVIET UNION

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Our Rostrum

It seems to me, however, that "Liberal party" is an appellation made up of contradictory words. The word "liberal" implies open-mindedness, while "party" connotes just the opposite. A party must never admit that it has been wrong. A party must form a program and say that it will maintain that program for four years. In only one sense does it ever retract. It quietly forgets any and all of its promises once it gets in office (for example, the Republicans and their promise of continued prosperity).

If it could be assumed that the support of a Liberal party would come from only the liberally minded people of the country, the quality of that support would be high even though the size would hardly be worth considering. As a matter of fact, though, a Liberal party would attract many radicals and opportunists and possibly also not a few conservatives, and the party would soon become either fanatical or just as unprincipled as either of the two existing parties.

The remedy is not to be found in a new party but in a readjustment of our conception of politics and government and of their function so as to bring about a more logical and sane condition of living and hence a more sane manner of thinking than we have to-day.

WINFRED MAX SCHWARZ
Webster Groves, Mo.

Balancing the Budget

To the Editor:

As I write, Congress is in a turmoil over which measures of taxation can best be introduced to balance the national budget. The situation, and the various solutions proposed to solve it, is certainly a difficult one for the average man to understand — which is a pity, for it is inevitable that, in the last analysis, the average man must be the one who pays the bill. It was with pleasure, therefore, that I read Jay Franklin's article, "Taxes, Taxes, Taxes!" in your April issue, for it provides an excellent panoramic view of the emergency.

Mr. Franklin, writing the article before the current tax debate, prophesied surprisingly accurately on the whole. But in one instance he erred. He said: "The Democrats will be glad to compel the Republicans to raise direct taxes on the eve of a Presidential election." That this (perfectly human) attitude is not going to be assumed by the Democrats is proved, it seems to me, by their revolt against the proposed sales tax, which, if passed, could only have resulted in more complaints against the Hoover régime which led us to such straits. It appears that, for the present at least, revenge will be sacrificed to the larger interests of the people. I do not blame Mr. Franklin for presuming otherwise — for believing that the Democrats

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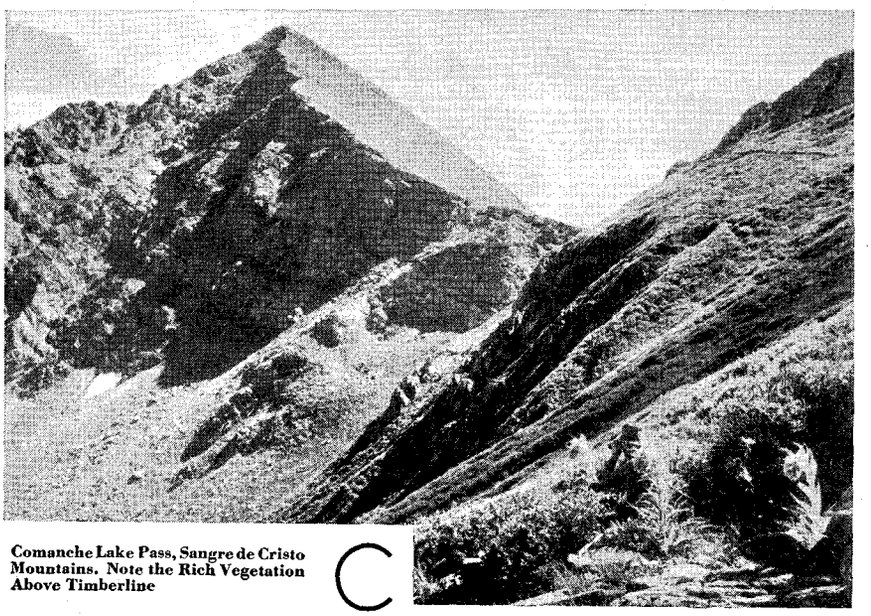
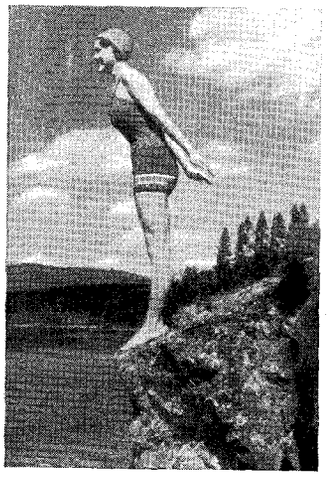


Comanche Lake Pass, Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Note the Rich Vegetation Above Timberline

Below: Grand Lake Provides All Water Sports a Mile and a Half Above the Sea



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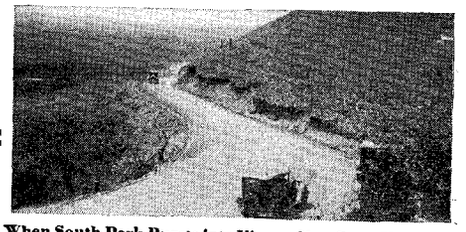

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Our Rostrum

would try to make capital of their rivals' mistakes; but his supposition, I am happy to say, has been proved to be wrong. May it continue to be so proved.

VINCENT F. GRANNIS
Detroit, Mich.

Fruits of the Field

To the Editor:

"These Missionaries," of whom I am one, should be grateful to Henrietta Otis Shaw for her tempered and unprejudiced article in the March FORUM. We look upon ourselves neither as heroes nor as sufferers for the cause; nor do we wish to be considered in any other light than are teachers and social service or church workers at home, except for the fact that we are working, as it were, as representatives of the whole Christian church instead of one particular parish.

We try to adapt ourselves to the life of the community in which we live, so that we may be considered as of the people for and with whom we work, rather than as foreigners. Except in such ways as we feel will better conserve our health — such as sleeping with the windows open, and certain modifications in diet — our mode of life is on the level with that of the average family of education around us.

The rewards are great in the mission field, but they are not pecuniary. The dividends are paid in loving gratitude, deep friendships, and in the satisfaction of seeing to a certain extent the fruits of our labors in the rising generation of young men and women, some of whom at any rate will be better citizens, with higher ideals and nobler conceptions of their responsibilities in the community, because of their contacts with missions and missionaries.

SARAH WAYNE ASHHURST
Guantanámo, Cuba

Jobless, But He Wants No Dole

To the Editor:

"We Can't Escape the Dole — Why Not Face It Squarely?" An ideal attitude, as Edward A. Block suggests in the March FORUM. But Mr. Block has a most peculiar idea of "squarely." Entering the city of Dole, he tours the heights and pronounces it beautiful without once crossing the railroad tracks and looking at the slums.

As an unemployed member of a building trade, I am one whose every ill is to be cured by this nauseous nostrum — maybe! The advocates of what is now conceived to be unemployment insurance will have to hold my nose and pour it down my throat to make me take it.

Every form of unemployment insurance to-day, which has become widely known as a national goal, is founded on approximately the same idea: a percentage from the worker, a percentage from the em-

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ployer, and a percentage from the government.

Analyze the course of such an effort and we find that the government raises its share by taxation; the employer scales his wages and prices so that he can pay his taxes and his share while still maintaining the original margin of profit; labor pays its share out of its wages and also pays taxes. Thus we have it — labor pays the premium and labor collects the benefit. Fair enough so far! But let us analyze further.

The conscientious worker who masters his trade by hard study of the work itself in the shop and the principle of the work at home is valued by his employer. He is kept at work as long as possible, then laid off — never fired. Such a workman contributes steadily to unemployment benefits but seldom collects. The mediocre and really bad workmen who are employed when the boss cannot get a first-class man are the real beneficiaries. The man who knows his work carries the mediocre workmen while they are employed, and when they are out of a job he pays more than his share of their benefit. In other words he gives a regular stipend to charity from which they benefit.

Such is your dole, Mr. Block; a magnet with which professional politicians draw votes to themselves by spending someone else's money; it is also a vicious proof that a man or woman may half learn his or her trade and still deserve respect and financial profit. Such is the plan by which you would have us barter the priceless and peculiarly American rewards for initiative.

That some plan is needed is elementary. I have my own idea of a solution: by employers banking a certain percentage of the individual wage in the name of the individual, banks to be guaranteed by the government, and establishment of a place where I might borrow, without interest, in the time of need on the one security for which I alone am responsible — my past record.

A. H. Denison

Port Chester, N. Y.

The Mouth of a Gift Horse

To the Editor:

In a plethora of articles on unemployment it was a pleasure to come across "You Can Have My Job" and "White-Collar Slavery," both in the April Forum. It is encouraging to realize that the depression has not cowed everyone, and that some of us — while still sympathizing with the jobless and the destitute, and doing what we can to relieve them — still have the spirit to wonder whether an office desk is the be-all and end-all of existence, and to admit that the petty routine of business is sometimes more of a lock step than a march of progress.

Irene M. Jordan

New Orleans, La.

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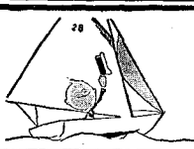

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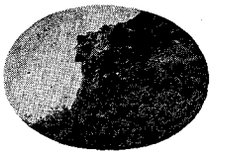

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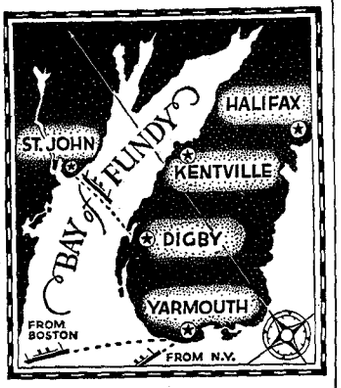

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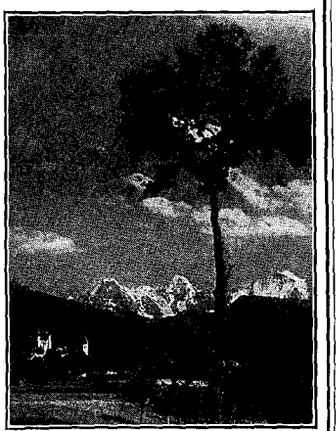

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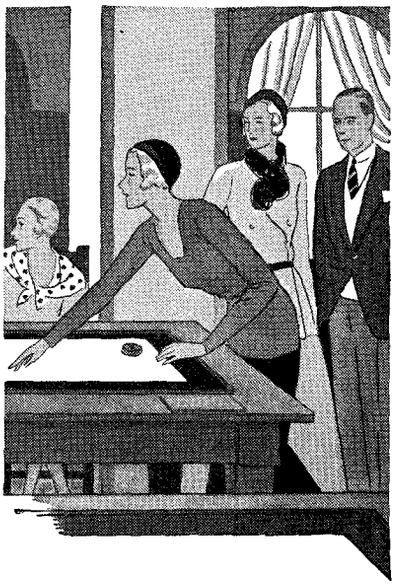

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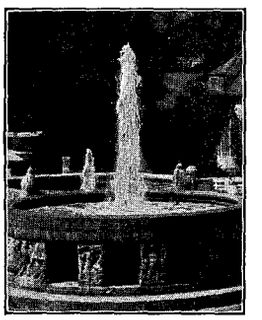
What the Depression Has Taught Us

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

REVIEWING the entire episode which started with the crash in Wall Street in the autumn of 1929 down to the present moment, the policy of substituting palliatives and quick nostrums for courageous action stands out as a conspicuous element of weakness in American leadership. The consensus of opinion late in 1929 seemed to be that we could talk our way out of this depression. Instead of retrenching immediately, business continued to carry on as usual, apparently unaware that anything unusual had occurred. Although every business man was aware that the 1929 level of wages and salaries could not be based on 1930 prices of goods, they maintained wages and salaries on the old scale. Meanwhile business continued to languish. In the market commodity prices and security values continued to shrink. Economic law does not temporize, even if human beings do.

By the spring of 1931 there were many signs that the cycle of depression had about run its course. Certainly commodity prices had been thoroughly liquidated, with a depreciation of about 25 per cent in two years. Securities, both stocks and bonds, had depreciated 30 to 70 per cent, and considerable progress had been made in liquidating loans collateralled by such securities. However, even at that late date, wages in most of the basic industries had not been lowered. A half-hearted attempt to cut down the expenses of the Government had been launched, but municipal and local governments were still largely unaware of any necessity for such economy. The tax burden on real estate was continuing its advance. At the same time, not a single step had been taken to correct one fundamental which blocked the way for a recovery in international trade: namely, a readjustment of the burden of reparations and war debts to the new scale of price levels. The slump in prices of goods, which constitute the major basis for international settlements, had had the effect of nearly doubling the burden of payment of the old war debts.

The financial collapse of Europe served as a grim reminder that half-hearted measures of dealing with the new order of things economic would not do. To be sure, President Hoover had displayed remarkable ability and statesmanship in effecting the moratorium upon reparations and war debts in June. But, this period of moratorium was limited to a single year. Although it eased the tension at the moment, it did not cure the fundamental



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disorder at the root of the slump in international trade. When the moratorium was declared, the railroad leaders of the country reached a fateful decision. Faced with the issue of increasing revenues by either reducing wages or increasing freight rates, they elected to apply for an increase in freight rates. The case dragged on through the usual routine, and earnings of the carriers slumped without interruption. By November the inevitable issue could no longer be ignored, and a wage reduction was effected on February 1, 1932. However, it was arranged on the basis of application for one year only. In the meantime wage adjustments to the new order of living costs had been effected by other industries, following the leadership of the United States Steel Corporation.

A NEW DEPRESSION

THESE MATTERS had hardly been settled when the country found itself in the throes of a new depression. On May 11, 1931, the Austrian Credit Bank collapsed. In rapid succession came frantic rushes to withdraw funds from Austria. The run spread to Germany, culminating in the failure of the Darmstaedter Bank, whose resources totalled $600,000,000. A complete suspension of its financial transactions followed, during the summer of 1931. England was the next country to suffer. The Bank of England raised a $250,000,000 credit in Paris and New York, and the British Treasury another $400,000,000 credit in a futile effort to support the pound sterling. By September England had bowed to the inevitable. When she went off the gold standard, a raid on American gold was started which brought a series of fresh financial crises to the United States.

Bank failures in this country increased at an enormous rate. Heavy withdrawals of deposits from banks induced bankers to place their institutions in a position of high liquidity. This involved liquidation of various assets, particularly bonds, and commercial borrowers found it more difficult to obtain loans. The effect upon the bond market was deplorable and served to heighten the uncertainty. Under normal conditions, in 1928, banks were content with a 25 to 30 per cent ratio of liquid assets to deposit liabilities, but last December this ratio was much higher, being estimated at 40 per cent for the country as a whole and as high as 60 to 75 per cent or more in many cases. Laws governing the powers of the Federal Reserve Banks to lend to member banks were too restrictive to permit much assistance from the central banking system.

Early last January considerable discussion arose about the prospect of checking deflation, but the first steps taken at that time to ease the money market were regarded as tending in the direction of in-

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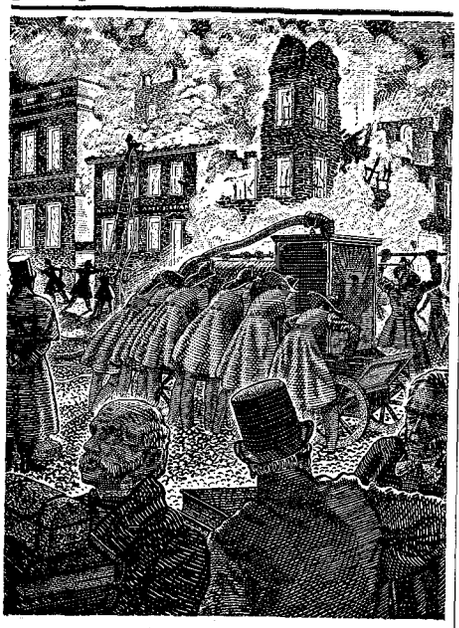

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flation. This brought on a new crisis. France, fearing the United States was likely to go off the gold basis, began once more, to withdraw gold on a large scale. Then it dawned upon the public that France had a balance of some $500,000,000 in this country, a large portion of which was subject to withdrawal in the form of gold, while the total free gold reserve of the Federal Reserve System was only $430,000,000.

In this emergency President Hoover gathered together the leaders of both parties, one morning early in February, and from this memorable conference emerged what was later known as the Glass-Steagall Bill. The bill provided two things: it enhanced the power of the Federal Reserve System to aid banks by advancing loans secured by the general assets of banks; it permitted the Federal Reserve to issue Federal Reserve notes, or currency, against Government bonds, as well as eligible commercial paper. The latter provision increased the free gold reserve of the Federal Reserve System from $430,000,000 to about $1,200,000,000 and removed any fear about our ability to remain on the gold standard. As a result, foreign sentiment was vastly strengthened, and hoarding and bank runs and bank failures in this country immediately began to subside. Here again the constructive effect of this action was modified by a decision to limit the operation of the essential features of the Glass-Steagall Bill to one year from March 4.

ECONOMIC CLARIFICATION

ONE BEGINS to wonder what is to be done when these one-year programs expire by limitation. Economic forces have compelled the ultimate adoption of drastic measures which it was hoped we could avoid, when the depression was in its early stages. They have demonstrated the necessity for economy in government, both local and national; they have pointed out the inter-relationship between domestic and foreign business; they have exposed some of the weaknesses of our present decentralized banking system and have emphasized the value of a strong, centralized banking system; they have taught us that we cannot finance prosperity and a large foreign trade by selling foreign bonds here, unless we are prepared to accept goods in payment for the sums due from such loans; and they have shown that, so long as the settlement of war debts and reparations on a practicable scale is deferred, domestic business is likely to labor under a more or less perpetual handicap. We have gained nothing by temporizing, but we have gained much from this depression in the shape of a clarification of the essential issues and a designation of the essential basis upon which the prosperity of the future must rest.

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